Saturday Review

RECORDINGS

MAY 31, 1958 / 25¢

Eighteenth-century caricature of two of the men responsible for the first edition of the "Encyclopaedia Britannica": Andrew Bell (left), engraver and publisher; and William Smellie, editor. *(See page 11)*

WAS ALGER HISS FRAMED? A Debate

TEN YEARS OF THE MUSIC TENTS By David Dachs

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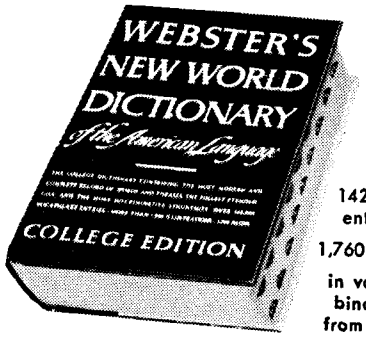

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The Saturday Review

MAY 31, 1958

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TRADE Winds

YOU KNOW WHAT the younger generation is coming to? To turning out some of the finest book reviewers you'll ever see. Here's a comment received by the publisher (Bantam) of a book called "Street Rod," by Henry Gregor Felsen, from a young fellow in Toledo:

"I have just read your book 'Street Rod.' I just think the book is horrible. Oh sure it was okay at the beginning but it was pretty darn lousy at the

end. Link slaughtered Ric in two fights and beat him in every drag race. I guess you expect Ricky to sit around sucking his thumb. He did what I or any other decent man would have done he fought back. I am 12 years old which you may not think as very much but I think I've got a right to make a complaint if I have one. Ricky worked hard and won the trophy but what about all the nagging he took when he started the DTA club and couldn't go rodding with the other guys.

"Instead of getting payed back some way Ricky gets killed in his own dream car. Including his girl friend. Oh yeah you're thinking well he was a show-off when he first got his rod. You may be thinking 'well it's only a story.' Go ahead say its just a story but how would you like to dream about cars all your life then get killed in your 'dream rod' while racing a jerk that had been pestering you ever since you had gotten your rod?"

HERE ARE THE notes I wrote to myself after talking to Francois-Régis Bastide, whose novel "Les Adieux" has just been published here by Simon and Schuster. It won the Prix Femina last year in France. Notes:

B. lectured extensively in Holland, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, Belgium, Morocco, Algeria, and Tunisia. Just finished lecture tour of two months throughout the United States, from Chicago to New Orleans to San Francisco and points between. These lectures are given in French and very cultured as well as ordinary people attend them, along with their husbands in many cases. The husbands do not understand French, but the wives do.

M. Bastide was trained to be a musician, and his father thinks it a cinch to write a book, and much more to his son's credit if he would continue with his music, doing something worthwhile like composing. Young M. Bastide says, "I think it is easier to write a novel than a symphony. There is some advantage in having studied music; it makes it easier to write. I just sat down and wrote the book. You don't need any great background as with composing. All you have to do is put down 'he loves her,' etc."

Bastide now looking for quiet, unspoiled place for writer to hide out and do some work. All the good spots are ruined—Sicily, Balearics, and so on. Some writer from *Paris-Match* or *Life* does story about a place, next thing you know this little spot is filled with people walking around with manuscripts under their arms.

Lecture audiences: "Italians you have to tell jokes. English sit there with straight face. I know they are intelligent—but straight face. In America they want all the facts. In Germany they get prepared for lecture beforehand, and you could speak for two hours, and they want more; they want to do it very thoroughly.

In Sweden they are very gloomy, especially because it is so cold and dark."

B. married to Swedish girl.

IS THERE A DICTIONARY IN THE HOUSE

By Barney Lefferts

hot-shot, adj. 1. *Slang.* Highly skilled, fast working; also, important or successful by exercise of skill, adroitness or showiness; as, a hot-shot surgeon who has more business than he can handle.
—*From the addenda section of Webster's New International Dictionary.*

Sing a song of showy surgeons,
Skilled, fast-working, fat with fees;
How adroitly business burgeons
For old Hot-shot Hippocrates.

JAMES DONALD is a very polite Scot who has been an actor for some twenty-one years. I remember him trying to give some advice to Van

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Gogh (Kirk Douglas) in a movie called "Lust for Life." Donald seems to get killed or die in most of his performances. I don't attribute this to anything in particular. In his new movie, "The Vikings," once again Mr. Douglas doesn't take the advice of Mr. Donald, and in fact throws him over the parapet and kills him dead.

What I wanted to say here is that performing people as well as audiences can learn something from these historical motion pictures. "The Vikings" is from one of Edison Marshall's readable novels, and if James Donald had not read it and played in it, he would not have found out that it was the Vikings who discovered America.

"Just think," he was telling me, "I thought it was Columbus all the way. Now it's the Vikings. How did they do it, in those unseaworthy boats, and across the North Atlantic, too?"

THIS IS WHAT Arthur J. Roth, author of "A Terrible Beauty" (Farrar, Straus), said when he was asked how he became a writer:

"I was twenty-five years old and had never dreamed of writing anything except a letter home. I was sitting in the men's dining hall one day with a bunch of buddies, complaining bitterly about the flies. One of them challenged me to do something constructive instead of just complaining, so I went back and wrote a letter to the air-base newspaper. Couching the letter in humorous terms, I asked why there were so many flies in the mess hall. The newspaper printed the letter and a few days later I was called to the office of the editor, who wanted to know if I would try a few humorous articles about different facets of Air Force life."

Roth thus met a lot of young men who had written in civilian life, was encouraged to take college courses at night while still in the Air Force, and earned a B.A. in 1954, without ever having taken a high school or college course in English grammar or literature. When he got out of the service, he went to New York, wrote short stories, and had to get a job as a typist to eat. Finally, in 1956, he went to Ireland and Spain for a year, and wrote "A Terrible Beauty," which was immediately accepted for publication when he returned to New York.

Reviewing this fellow's simple, meteoric rise to the top, I can ascribe it only to the fact that the Air Force concentrates on going to the Moon rather than getting rid of the flies in Earthly mess halls.

—JEROME BEATTY, JR.

On Campus with Max Shulman

(By the Author of "Rally Round the Flag, Boys!" and, "Barefoot Boy with Cheek.")

SCIENCE MADE SIMPLE

Though this column is intended to be a source of innocent merriment for all sexes and not to concern itself with weighty matters, I have asked my sponsors, the makers of Marlboro, whether I might not, from time to time, use this space for a short lesson in science. "Makers," I said to them, "might I not, from time to time, use this space for a short lesson in science?"

They agreed, the makers of Marlboro, for they are the most agreeable of men. Their benevolence is due in no small measure to the cigarettes they smoke, for Marlboro is a cigarette to soothe the most savage of breasts. I refer not only to the flavor which is a delight to the palate, but also to the Marlboro container. Here is no fiendishly contrived device to fray the fingernails and rasp the nerves; here, instead, is a flip-top box that opens like a charm. Add to all this an improved filter that does not disturb that famous flavor, and you can see you get a lot to like.

Let us begin our series of science lessons with chemistry. It is fitting that chemistry should be the first, for it is the oldest of sciences, having been discovered by Benjamin Franklin in 468 B.C. when an apple fell on his head while he was shooting the breeze with Pythagoras one day outside the Acropolis. (The reason they were *outside* the Acropolis and not inside was that Pythagoras had been thrown out for drawing right triangles all over the walls.)

They had several meetings outside the Acropolis, but finally Franklin said, "Look, Pythagoras, this is nothing against you, see, but I'm no youngster any more and if I keep laying around on this wet grass with you, I'm liable to get the breakbone fever. I'm going inside." Pythagoras, friendless now, moped around Athens for awhile, then drifted off to Monaco where he married a girl named Harriet Sigafoos and went into the chuck-a-luck business.

But I digress. We were beginning a discussion of chemistry, and the best way to begin is with fundamentals. Chemicals are divided into elements. There are four: air, earth, fire, and water. Any number of delightful combinations can be made from these elements, such as firewater, dacron, and chef's salad.

Chemicals can be further divided into the classes of explosive and non-explosive. A wise chemist always touches a match to his chemicals before he begins an experiment.

A variety of vessels of different sizes and shapes are used in a chemistry lab. There are tubes, vials, beakers, flasks, pipettes, and retorts. A retort is also a snappy comeback, such as "Oh, yeah?" and "So's your Uncle Oscar."

I have now told you the most important aspects of chemistry, but there are many more—far too many to cover in the space remaining here. However, I am sure there is a fine chemistry lab on your very own campus. Why don't you go up some afternoon and poke around? Make a fun day out of it. Bring ukuleles. Wear humorous hats. Toast frankfurters on the Bunsen burners. Be gay. Be merry. Be loose . . . For chemistry is your friend!

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The makers of Marlboro, who bring you this column regularly, are tobacconists, not scientists. But here's an equation we do know: Marlboro + you = pleasure.

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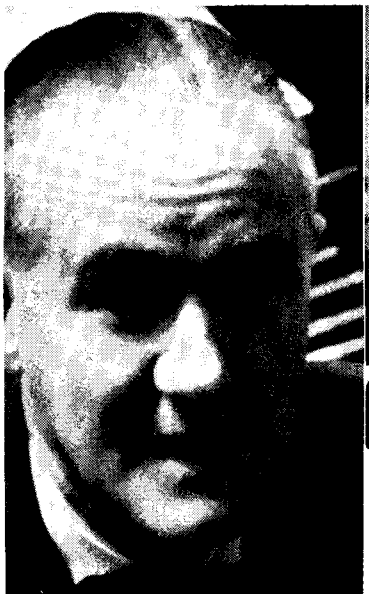

BACH ON LOCATION

At Zwolle, in Holland, in the 15th-century Gothic church of St. Michael is a splendid, four-manual organ, dating from 1720. It is the last organ built by Arp Schnitger, whose work is considered the culmination of the high baroque era of organ building. It was inevitable that so fine an organ should be visited by E. Power Biggs, who has traveled far and wide in search of the most appropriate instruments for his recordings of the great works for organ. Mr. Biggs' many albums of the music of Bach, Mozart and others, performed on centuries-old instruments—in many cases those the composers themselves once used—are among the most impressive achievements of the recording art. To these he now adds three preludes and fugues of Bach, recorded amid the majestic acoustics of St. Michael's.

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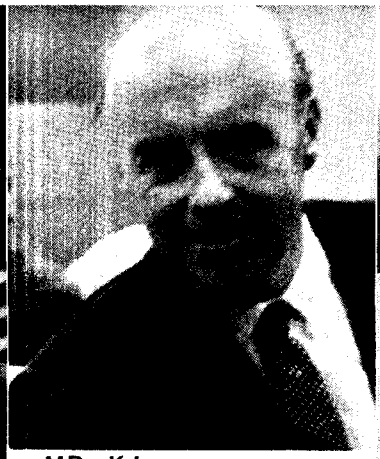

MR. K.'s EXTRAS

"Encore!" is the bracing cry that has roared from the throats of audiences in concert halls, opera houses and theaters for two centuries or more. Unfortunately, in modern times it seldom has any effect whatsoever on the conductor of a symphony orchestra. Unless, of course, the conductor happens to be Andre Kostelanetz. His concerts with the New York Philharmonic, which began in 1954, have enjoyed nothing but standing room and overflow audiences, and invariably arouse the most insistent calls of "encore!" Mr. K., on these occasions, breaks with present custom and responds with courtesy and brilliance. For this recording he has selected some of the most popular of the "encore" pieces played at the end of his Philharmonic concerts.

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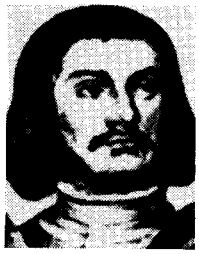
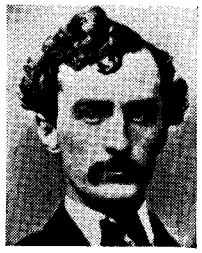


Gilles de Retz.



J. W. Booth.

Himmler.

Petain.

Attila.

ROGUES' GALLERY

A Panel of Historical Villains

By PETER RITNER

A FEW months ago (*SR* Feb. 22) the editors of *The Saturday Review* invited their readers to consider the matters of heroism and leadership, two concepts which seem to have suffered a certain erosion in the past generation and which—in the light of the world's state—can stand some refurbishing. To a discussion of the definitive marks of heroism—plus thumbnail biographies of forty suggested paladins—we appended a questionnaire, giving our readers the opportunities to vote for their favorites, to correct our omissions, and to select the character-qualities which they deem most desirable or necessary for dealing with the problems of our own age. Last week we reported on the results. The response was heavy; and many took us to task for passing over their personal ideal. But even more readers argued that some of the names we had listed were not those of heroes at all, but of villains.

This has led to the present speculations on the Historical Villain. Perhaps it is the characteristic tentativeness of our times, but we have found it harder to pin down authentic villains than authentic heroes. After all, everyone takes for granted the frailties of a human being, no matter how splendid he is. Nelson's selfishness and vainglory do not dim his heroic luster. But it is also true that most bad men possess one or two real virtues. You no sooner compile a fine case against a man like Bismarck—you are fully prepared to demonstrate that this man's work was instrumental in precipitating the worst slaughter in history—than his pungent wit and his loyalty to a rather trying wife begin to charm you out of an indictment. Very rarely do you run onto an individual like Reinhard Heydrich, who boasts no merit of any sort.

Villains fall into two general categories: "Private" and "public."

A renowned example of the first class is Henry VIII: a man guilty of every excess of treachery, deceit, and depravity; the ruthless executioner of his own family and his most faithful servants—yet a man who, somehow, got on with his job very competently. At least in America, Henry VIII is commonly held up as the caricature of a despot, the gourmandizing wife-murderer, the obese monster with an ulcerous leg who enjoyed dangling his enemies in cages from castle battlements. This picture is by no means fanciful; a repulsive streak of cruelty did indeed form a conspicuous part of Henry VIII's make-up, and no one at any time has tried to find excuses for his marital customs.

BUT against the larger canvas of history Henry VIII must be appreciated as the inaugurator of that wise and subtle centralist policy which enabled England to steal a march politically on the rest of Europe, and which ultimately saved her from the worst phases of the civil strife that convulsed the continent for 300 years. His statecraft merges with that of his great daughter, and must be esteemed along with hers. It is interesting that Elizabeth I, the decentest of potentates, spoke of her fearsome father with affection and respect as long as she lived. Tiberius Caesar and the

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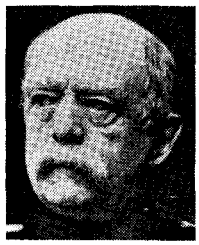
Marechal de Luxembourg are only two more examples, among many, of men who, while exhausting their bodies in debauchery and brutality, never permitted vice to tamper with art; they put aside their pleasures when they applied themselves to their professions.

When you turn from private to public villainy the question of definition steps into a crucial place, for if a man's public life weighs more than his private, is it not what he really accomplishes in the world, rather than what he means to accomplish, which determines his villainy? Of course, when a man's intentions are as evil as his deeds there is no problem: For example, Hitler lied to, doublecrossed, and assassinated his closest comrades as well as millions of innocents. At the end, when he had engineered a hopeless war against the American, Russian, and British empires simultaneously, he turned on his own mute, infatuated people (the Germans were "not worthy of my great ideals," he declared), ordering Albert Speer to destroy every factory in Germany in

Baldwin.



Bismarck.

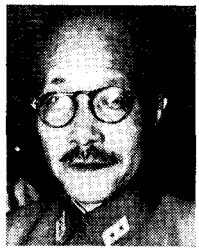
an infamous directive: "If the war is to be lost, the nation also will perish . . . There is no need to consider the basis even of a most primitive existence any longer. On the contrary, it is better to destroy even that. . . . The nation has proved itself weak . . . (and) those who remain after the battle are of little value." This side of his personality Hitler had even taken pains to make explicit in "Mein Kampf." No doubt where he belongs.

But what of men who try to live by their lights as good men, who think of themselves as conscientious, hard-working, deserving men, but who because of pride, prejudice, or stupidity give the history of their times a perverted twist which brings down endless misery on the human charges for whom they are responsible? The Bible warns us not to judge our fellow-man —and it is particularly risky to judge well-meaning men—but history does not practise the same charity to which men of faith are admonished. Good intentions mean nothing to history; success means everything. To drive a car properly it is necessary to know how to get from one place to another without running over anyone. If a man can manage this feat over and over again, he rates as a good driver, regardless of what sins he commits when he slides out from under the wheel. On the other hand, a saint may not understand automobile mechanism; his attention may wander, or his head fill with dreams; his muscles may be inflexible when they should be flexible, and vice versa; and this holy driver, of course, steers straight for murder.

In politics, nothing counts like brains, imagination, courage, the command of a great deal of relevant information, and the ability to pick (and keep) good subordinates. However, there are men who permit a generous fortune to waft them into posts of high responsibility without taking critical measure of these qualities in themselves. Or it is vanity which persuades them to stride out on the big stage, or fawning courtiers who sing to them hymns of sweet delusion. Once installed in power, these misfits usually discover soon enough their lack of the talents the job requires, but the same vanity which coaxed them to grasp power in the first place urges them to hold onto it, even when their difficulties pile up more and more tiresomely and intractably.

Here is the fate of an individual like the German Emperor William II. Born to the throne, he chose on his own responsibility, early in his reign, to assume working control of Germany's foreign policy. But though he was a not-unintelligent man, quite spotless in the domestic sphere, he was temperamentally totally unfitted for the labors of a chancellery. His abysmal ineptitude, exhibited in many comical misadventures, amused the diplomats of the world, but it bewildered the common people, and because of William's lofty and delicate station it proved enough to start the whole quivering machinery of nineteenth-century European politics rolling down the precipice to World War I. In history, perhaps in heaven, a suitable retribution awaits men like the Kaiser who allow themselves to be carried away by the petty vices of arrogance, fatuity, or smugness into playing parts too big for them. A good father and honest nobleman he may have been, but for the millions of subjects to whom his first duty lay, whose lives he wrecked, he is one of the greatest villains of all time.

As in our Heroes quiz, *SR* has here culled out a mixed bag of villains to start the discussion going. Some of our evildoers were bad only on a very small scale, some on a very large



Tojo.

Haig.

one. And there are, unfortunately, dozens of other names, which will occur to everyone, that could be added to the roll.

ALI MURAD: This egregious chieftain was one of the "mirs," Moslem princes of Sind in the early 1800s. His customs included killing most of the female infants of his family (because they could but marry beneath themselves), forcibly circumcising his captives (for the glory of Allah), and planning attacks on his relations. But he erred in making an alliance with a newcomer to Asia, the British, for he soon found himself maneuvered out of all his authority. Even the British ultimately repudiated Ali Murad, though they let him keep some of his lands, where he spent the remainder of a long life hunting tigers and wild pigs instead of nephews. He is an instance of those petty rulers of Asia who so drained and divided her that she fell without struggle into the harsh grasp of Europeans.

ATTILA: The Scourge of God fell first upon his primitive and passive neighbors in the forests of Hungary and Germany. They roused up in fear and migrated westward in gigantic numbers to escape him, drowning the Western Roman Empire which stood in their path. Here was the real blow dealt by the Huns; Attila's own personal invasion, though deadly, was a shortlived affair by comparison.

STANLEY BALDWIN: Only at rare intervals does England pass into the hands of an incompetent. But World War I cost her the best part of a fine and promising generation; tired and embittered, she came up with Stanley Baldwin and his policy of delusion and dither, which left England nearly helpless against Hitler. Later Baldwin claimed that the people wouldn't have stood still for a wiser policy. But he never gave them the chance. It was Baldwin's custom, when Cabinet meetings got round to foreign affairs, to say, "Wake me up when you are finished with that."

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BISMARCK: Bismarck was an extremely shrewd, cynical man who probably—if anyone had forced him to comment—would have defended his lifework as a boon to the human race. He united Germany—which the Holy Roman Emperors had never been able to do—and by engineering a policy of friendship with Russia and England reckoned on guarding her flanks and insuring the prosperity of Europe for an indefinite period. What he did not anticipate was that another hand one day would steer the machine he had so lovingly designed, violating the common-sense rules he had laid down, turning it into an engine of destruction for Bismarck's whole way of life.

BONNIE PRINCE CHARLIE: Charlie landed in Scotland in 1745 on the fatuous errand to reseat his father in Westminster. The sturdy, fearless, feckless clansmen, faithful to his family and in love with his golden locks, swarmed down from the Highlands brandishing their claymores. But Charlie was no general, and he quarreled with the only proper general he had. The result was the massacre at Culloden. Then Charlie picked up his skirts and sailed back to the Continent, where he ended his days a drunken sot, rolling around Europe with a troupe of hapless womenfolk.

JOHN WILKES BOOTH: It's not easy to tell at this distance how sick-in-the-head the younger Booth really was. In any case, he was an unlovable amalgam of egomania, paranoia, vulgar flamboyance, and unsteady nerves that took upon itself the mission of murdering the one man in the world who could have alleviated the effects of Southern defeat, after that defeat was certain.

BRUTUS: Brutus was the *beau ideal* of the turbulent, selfish Senatorial order. This would have been fine if the Senatorial order hadn't been a dead letter in Roman affairs for nearly 100 years. As it was, Brutus's political program was no more than snobbish nostalgia. He assassinated a tyrant with a policy in order to achieve a tyranny of anarchy, and was himself then swept away by the irresistible compulsions of Rome's imperial necessities.

CALHOUN: The great South Carolinian possessed the finest mind of his time—and the most hidebound. Theoretically, he was correct in his conviction that the Founding Fathers never had intended the Union to transcend the rights of the sovereign states. What Calhoun did not see was that historical circumstances subsequent to the Founding Fathers' time had forced the Union to become more than a voluntary federation, to evolve an independent mystique of its own. He therefore bucked hopelessly one of the most powerful trends of the nineteenth century, but his clear, cool mind and literary style made him a formidable persuader—of a very bad cause.

CAPTAIN X: Opium runner, slavetrader, conquistador, and Indian fighter. After 1,500 years of invasions, migrations, religious wars, and state-building, the European of the Renaissance burst upon an unsuspecting planet like a vengeful devil. He found power, beauty, strange new lands, many kinds of people, but his initial response was to loot and confiscate them, to despise and dishonor them. Old and towering civilizations in Asia, Africa, and the Western Hemisphere—as well as helpless Stone Age peoples—fell before his onslaught like toothpicks. Though the European has recently, radically, changed his tune, the deep scars left by our forefathers have not been forgotten. Or forgiven?

CHARLES I: A proud, stupid, and lazy nobleman, Charles I held to the opinion that among his other royal prerogatives were dishonesty and ineffectuality. He found out, almost irretrievably wrecking the English Constitution in the process, that kingcraft calls for something more than hauteur. Withal, he was a great gentleman, and he died magnificently—honoring his silly cause as much as it could be honored.

CUSTER: Custer had a lot of good in him; among other things, he was far ahead of his generation in advocating a humane Indian policy. No one knows what was in his mind when he went off on his own to challenge the assembled Sioux nation at the Little Big Horn. Perhaps his head was filled with visions of Clive, who at Plassey routed 68,000 Asians with an army of 1,100 English and 2,100 natives. But the Sioux were a different breed of Indian. Custer's command fell to the man; he had taken his pride more seriously than his responsibilities to his soldiers. He was, in short, a criminal incompetent.

DOMITIAN: Domitian is as typical an example as any of the crazy men who ruled the Roman Empire for much of its course. He had his share of insanity (he liked to spend hours impaling flies on his pen), depravity (he divorced his wife when he fell in love with a handsome actor), and cruelty (he ordered his enemies torn to pieces by dogs, buried alive, crucified, or clubbed). Even his end was typical; he was stabbed to death in his bedroom by his own servants.

EMPEROR FERDINAND II: Because it stunted the German political mentality from maturing in a normal way, the Thirty Years War must be classed as one of the most crucial catastrophes in European history. To blame it on one man is patently impossible, but more than once the Emperor Ferdinand could have commenced negotiating settlements which might have ended the slaughter long before it had turned central Germany into a desert and permanently scarred the German soul. However, though an honest man, Ferdinand was a religious bigot who refused to make any of the compromises necessary for this end.

KLAUS FUCHS: The personality of physicist Fuchs seems to swim around in hyper-selfconsciousness: a belief that his personal thought and his personal responsibilities stand at the center of the universe and that it was up to him to interpose in the foolish doings of nations in order to save them from themselves. It was these secret, self-feeding thought-processes, added to his obvious "sincerity" (whatever that word means), which made it impossible to detect Fuchs until he had firmly established a claim to the title of History's Most Successful Spy.

GILLES DE RETZ: Although he once rode as a companion of Joan of Arc, Retz became Europe's most spectacular convert to Satanism. He specialized in Black Mass ceremonies where he sexually abused and sacrificed young children, whose corpses he then deposited in the latrines of his castles. He disposed of between 140 and 800 of his peasants' offspring in this way. When the authorities at last caught up with him he was tried and condemned by three courts simultaneously, then hanged and burned to death.

Kreuger. Fuchs.

GAIUS GRACCHUS: Since Mommsen historians of Rome have taken a new look at Gaius Gracchus—the sensitive,

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LITERARY HORIZONS

Promise and Fulfilment

By Granville Hicks

AMONG other things, a novel creates an expectation on the part of the reader and then seeks to fulfill it, and this can be true of the tawdriest fictions as well as of great masterpieces. In the days when the novel was young, novelists were often quite forthright about what they were doing, but in our more sophisticated era hints are more common than explanations. In particular, it is by means of the tone he adopts that the novelist takes you, the reader, into his confidence. Are you to be amused, mystified, shocked, instructed, purged? It is the author's voice, the manner he adopts in speaking to you, that lets you know. Of course, you may be surprised, but then you realize that you shouldn't have been and that in a sense you weren't. If the surprise is really a surprise, if you haven't been in the least prepared for the turn the novel takes, you are resentful.

George P. Elliott's **"Parktilden Village"** (Beacon Press, $3.50) is a novel that disappoints me on just these grounds. Mr. Elliott has published short stories that I greatly admire, and in his novel there is much firm, perceptive writing of the kind I anticipated, but I feel I have been let down by the book as a whole.

Parktilden Village is an aggregate of large, new apartment houses in Berkeley, California. To one of its apartments comes Peter Hazen, a Ph.D. in sociology, who has not merely written a thesis on comic strips but has himself created a successful strip. Nearby live Jefferson and Eleanor Devereux, the former an eminent mathematician. Some years earlier, when he was an undergraduate in Nebraska, Hazen used to babysit for the Devereux, and at the time he fell romantically in love with Eleanor. He still finds her attractive, but his interest is much keener in Jacqueline, once the baby with whom he sat, now an eighteen-year-old with a passion for hot rods.

The situation suggests that this is to be a comedy of manners; so does the title; so, most emphatically, does the style. Mr. Elliott works with small, neat insights, which he often expresses in small, neat epigrams: "Eleanor's trying to give herself over to music was like her trying to be patient; she could do everything about it except fool herself." Less frequently he is satirical: "Hazen's investigation of hot rods and motorcycles would be adequately substantial (relevant, aware, a significant contribution to the literature in the field) once he had let its blood, broken its bones, flayed it, and published it in one of the learned journals." His whole air is that of a man who hopes the reader will be as amused by what he is writing about as he himself is.

IN this spirit Mr. Elliott follows the adventures of Hazen and Jackie. Hazen's proposed investigation of hot-rodders gives him an excuse for seeing Jackie, and his friendship with Jackie helps him to meet the young men and women he is investigating. Jackie quickly permits him a degree of intimacy, but only a degree, and, to his surprise, he accepts a relationship that goes no further than necking. However, just before she leaves for Juilliard, he seduces her.

Jefferson Devereux, Jackie's father, is a stuffy, self-centered man, who seems to have little interest in his wife. Once Jackie is away from home, the neglected Eleanor easily drifts into an affair with Hazen, about which she insists on telling her husband. Up to this point and even beyond it, the situation remains within the bounds of the comedy of manners. People are behaving rather badly, to be sure, but they are behaving no worse than people the reader knows, and he can afford to be amused by them.

Suddenly, however, with Jackie's realization of the intimacy between her mother and her one-time lover, the tone changes. Jackie is so affected by this discovery that she does her best to ruin her life and perhaps succeeds. Eleanor becomes filled not merely with remorse but with a sense of sin, and Jefferson, who is vindicated in his intuitive distrust of Hazen, accepts his share of guilt. As for Hazen, he is shown to be beyond redemption, a superficial materialist who has nothing to fall back on but his sociological jargon. ("He had himself once said to her that jargon was a cage; she saw him now cowering in the center of his cage.")

One could say that there are precedents for so great an alteration of tone. T. S. Eliot's "The Cocktail Party," for instance, begins as comedy but develops the most serious religious implications. The play, however, moves gradually from the trivial to the serious, and the comic framework is retained. "Parktilden Village," on the other hand, promising one thing

(*Continued on page* 26)

Pick of the Paperbacks

ARRIAN'S LIFE OF ALEXANDER THE GREAT. *Translated by Aubrey de Sélincourt. Penguin.* 85¢. The first-century military historian's biography of one of history's greatest men of action, Alexander, who set out to conquer the world and very nearly succeeded.

MAKERS OF MATHEMATICS. *By Alfred Hooper. Modern Library.* 95¢. A history of mathematics from finger-counting days through the theories of Newton and Liebnitz, on to modern concepts of astronomical figures.

DOUBLE LIVES. *By William Plomer. Noonday.* $1.45. An English poet-novelist's autobiography of his years in South Africa as a member of "the stranded gentry," and of later times when he journeyed to a new life in the Orient.

RECORDED JAZZ: A Critical Guide. *By Rex Harris and Brian Rust. Pelican.* 85¢. Two Englishmen's handbook of jazz recordings includes record evaluations, performers' biographies, and other data for the devotee.

THE CONFIDENTIAL AGENT. *By Graham Greene. Bantam.* 35¢. Spies, conspiracy, and double-dealing in the London fog, in one of Greene's choicest "entertainments."

THE PREHISTORY OF EUROPEAN SOCIETY. *By Gordon Childe. Pelican.* 85¢. An archeological study of primitive societies discusses the European orientation of the barbarian citizens.

FLIGHT INTO SPACE. *By Jonathan Norton Leonard. Modern Library.* 95¢. An updated edition that includes in its explanation of rockets and missiles, such newsworthy events as Sputnik and Vanguard.

FREUD AND RELIGION. *By Gregory Zilboorg, M.D. Newman.* 95¢. A brief discussion, by a leading psychoanalyst, of Freud's preoccupation with the dilemmas that religion presents.

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Reading Time: Three Years

"The Great EB: The Story of the Encyclopædia Britannica," by Herman Kogan *(University of Chicago Press. 346 pp. $4.95), is reviewed by David M. Glixon, production editor of the Limited Editions and Heritage Clubs, a frequent contributor to encyclopedias.*

By David M. Glixon

NATURAL and man-caused events are at once the basis and the bane of encyclopedias. Before the fallout had settled around Hiroshima, Britannica editors were preparing an article on atom bombs that was to occupy four pages in the next printing, and were checking 500 other affected articles from "Alchemy" to "Uranium." Elizabeth's accession to England's throne in 1952 meant adding a Roman numeral to the name of Shakespeare's queen, and had editors scurrying through all twenty-four volumes in order to update such phrases as "His Majesty's Stationers" and "God Save the King." Heavy earthquakes in the Himalayas also wrought extensive havoc in hundreds of recently compiled data on rivers, peaks, and populations in the area.

With deceptive ease Herman Kogan, literary and drama editor of the *Chicago Sun-Times*, traces the chequered course of the Britannica from its birth in 1768, the promising offspring of three Scotsmen of Edinburgh —a short, misshapen engraver of dog collars, an opportunistic printer, and a brilliant but bibulous scholar, the EB's first editor. The three-volume first edition ran to 2,659 quarto pages, including a description of California as "a large country of the West Indies," a toothache prescription ("laxatives dissolved in asses' milk"), and an explicit engraving (nicely reproduced in "The Great EB") of "Noah's Ark floating on the waters of the Deluge." Mr. Kogan fails to speculate on what "facts" in the current EB may appear equally quaint to our descendants 190 years after this first International Geophysical Year.

There are still some EB *aficionados* around who speak with special reverence of the eleventh edition, issued in 1911 under the aegis of Cambridge University and the management of the

Herman Kogan—"deceptive ease."

American Horace Hooper. The dynamic former book agent had begun his connection with EB back in 1898 as the unorthodox promoter of the ninth edition. In 1900 Hooper and another American bookman, Walter M. Jackson (founder of the Grolier Society and developer of "The Book of Knowledge"), took over the entire Britannica enterprise from its British owners. A decade later Jackson sold out his EB interests, leaving Hooper in full charge. Without reducing the scholarly standards of the preceding editions, Hooper initiated a trend toward making the work more accessible to the layman. It was through his fresh combination of scholarship and popularization that the set gained its wide appeal; these, together with Hooper's brash sales methods, brought him great financial rewards. Two years before his death in 1922, Sears, Roebuck & Co. purchased the company's assets for $1,330,000.

THE present favorable situation of the Britannica is credited to the strenuous efforts of that other energetic promoter, William Benton, who in 1943 helped the University of Chicago acquire the EB from Sears. Benton, who himself put up the working capital, is chairman and major stockholder. And the brainchild of those three Scotsmen of 1768 has turned out to be the university's greatest donor after John D. Rockefeller—to the tune of four million dollars in the first fifteen years' affiliation.

In the last quarter of Mr. Kogan's absorbing and beguiling book the objective history is rather slickly interlarded with the sort of material usually reserved for a likely prospect, a hopeful sales crew, or a meeting of shareholders. But the author takes much of the curse off this defect with his vivid descriptions of publishing methods and his piquant anecdotes from the annals of editing and promotion.

There is the story of the young Philadelphia newspaperman whose columns reviewing the original printing of the fourteenth edition led to his appointment as the Britannica's assistant editor. He was Walter Yust, who has been executive editor since 1938. It has been his job to implement the policy of continuous revision adopted in 1929. Year after year the Britannica goes back to press with reams of new material determined by either long-premeditated plans or the slings and arrows of outrageous fortune.

Some of the contributors to the fourteenth edition, Mr. Kogan concedes, were "famed more for their exploits than for scholarship." Yet in 1928 who was a more logical choice than Gene Tunney to write on "Boxing," or Al Smith on "New York," or "Roxy" on "Stage Lighting," or Lon Chaney and Otis Skinner on "Make-up"? For the more abstruse subjects, consulters of EB could turn to articles by more solid celebrities: Einstein on "Space-Time" (turned in, it is naïvely recorded here, in flawless English), James Truslow Adams on history (his mss. were full of misspellings), Premier MacDonald on the Labor Party, Justice Hughes on the Monroe Doctrine, and a bevy of current and future Nobel Prize-winners on their respective specialties. G. B. Shaw's piece on "Socialism," first published in 1929, remains almost intact. Famous articles from older editions have been retained: Macaulay's on Dr. Johnson, Bunyan, and Goldsmith; Symonds' on the Renaissance, Tovey's numerous writings on music, Chesterton's article on Dickens, Julian Huxley's on "Courtship of Animals," and Freud's on "Psychoanalysis" are among those cited.

Explaining how the staff prepares

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Report III from the Sex Institute

By Rollene Waterman

"PREGNANCY, Birth and Abortion" is the newest and most logical study of the Institute for Sex Research, founded at Indiana University by the late Dr. Alfred C. Kinsey. Once Dr. Kinsey and his staff had analyzed the sexual habits of males and females, it was not unreasonable to examine the fruits of these behavioral patterns. The authors, Paul H. Gebhard, Wardell B. Pomeroy, Clyde E. Martin, and Cornelia V. Christenson, colleagues of Dr. Kinsey, maintain a strict Kinseyan objectivity in their approach. Their attitude is clinical, their style austere. The title simply and directly states the subject matter. This latest work is about reproduction, live birth, spontaneous and induced abortion.

Their report is based upon interviews conducted largely in the 1940s among 7,000 women, in P-TA groups and church organizations, in civic clubs and at universities. The authors do not intend the sample to represent the entire country, but only the upper 20 per cent of the "socio-economic" stratum. Of the women interviewed, some four-fifths attended college; 96 per cent are urban and 46.5 per cent are from the Northeast (only 8.4 per cent are Southerners). Most of them were born since 1920. Two other groups are examined separately: 1,250 prison inmates who represent society's lowest social and economic levels, and Negro women who because of diverse cultural backgrounds the authors consider a special sociological case.

Since hospital files contain data about birth and spontaneous abortions, the authors have focused their attention on the less accessible results of socially unsanctioned behavior. Among the class of women designated as Separated - Divorced - Widowed (SDW), which includes all economic strata, three out of four women continue sexual relations after the marriage has terminated. Nineteen per

Educators Educated

By Sarah Gibson Blanding,
President, Vassar College

"WE HAVE explored and we have performed our functions when we have published the record of what we have found . . ." "Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion" ends with these words quoted from the final paragraph of "Sexual Behavior in the Human Male." The late Dr. Kinsey and now his collaborators have engaged in studies which are sincere, objective, and determined explorations into an area of human behavior which is manifestly important to educators. This, like the two preceding volumes, is a concise, factual, sober presentation of an aspect of life which is emotionally charged and which has not previously been regarded as within the province of the scientist. The investigators, divorcing themselves from traditional moral values and official social customs, have approached their difficult task with sincerity and integrity. They make clear the limitations of their sample but present the data as they found it.

—© *1953, The New Yorker Magazine, Inc.*

"Well, I'm sure Dr. Kinsey never spoke to anyone in Upper Montclair."

"Pregnancy, Birth and Abortion" deserves the appraisal of cool, inquiring, intelligent judgment. Like all new discoveries, these findings must be subjected to further scientific research to confirm or disprove the conclusions drawn from the available data. The three published studies indicate that sexual behavior and reproductive experience are at variance with the official moral code and traditional beliefs and values. Most of us find it hard to think of sexual behavior in purely objective terms. We defend ourselves against unwelcome truths by passionate denial. We try to interpret the facts in accordance with our own experience and our own understanding of moral behavior. We protest the data not because it may be untrue but because of its social and moral significance. In our society sex is a dramatically exploited commodity. Consequently, this serious book can be expected to evoke the same sensational treatment as that accorded to Freud's early writings and to the first two Kinsey Reports.

If the facts are what they seem to be on the basis of the studies to date, the problems of duplicity they imply cannot be solved by indignation or ostrichlike denial. Sensational exploitation can only exaggerate the discrepancy between what people do and what society sanctimoniously thinks they do or should do. Parents and educators, ministers and doctors, psychologists and sociologists are challenged to straightforward, open-minded, courageous thinking. Concepts, beliefs, values, and goals must be constantly re-examined in the light of scientific truth and intellectual honesty and with deep concern for human dignity and the integrity of society.

Social Baedeker

By Theodor Reik, *Psychologist*

THIS book is, so to speak, the answer to "Information, please" in this special area—but it is nothing more, and as such is comparable with certain tourist guides that secure relevant facts about a country, its population, frontiers, industry, and so on without saying anything about the character of the people, their folklore, art, science, habits, and customs. The psychological point of view is very conspicuous by its absence. Nowhere is an attempt made to understand the emotional motives of and the reactions on pregnancy, birth, and abortion. This reviewer has to confess tha he was sometimes bewildered by the scientific language of the study although all terms were sharply defined. Inactive Protestants are those who do

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cent of these women become pregnant, and of these post-marital pregnancies, 79 per cent end in induced abortion. Only 7 per cent of SDW pregnancies result in marriage as compared to twice that figure in pre-marital pregnanices. Of the pre-marital pregnancies that do not lead to marriage, 89 per cent are terminated by abortion. The higher up the social ladder, the less frequently are there pre-marital pregnancies and the more frequent the abortions. Conversely, among the poorer classes pre-marital pregnancies are frequent and abortions considerably scarcer. Churchgoers, it is pointed out, suffer less of both.

Information concerning induced abortions has never before been so extensively catalogued. Statistics support the fact that abortions occur more often to married women than to either single girls, widows, or divorcees. Among wives, 17 per cent of pregnancies end in induced abortion. Moreover, those wives who have abortions terminate their marriages with greater frequency than women who have never experienced abortion. Of the type of abortions performed, 91 per cent were operative, while 9 per cent claimed home remedies effective, something the authors tend to discount. The prices of abortions rise and fall like any other commodity. The average fee during the Twenties was $76; it fell to $67 during the Depression and rose swiftly to $143 in the boom years of the Forties. Contrary to popular belief, abortion has not led to physical and/or psychological scars. Of the women who admitted abortions, 75 per cent reported no adverse consequences. Only 10 per cent said they suffered from psychological disturbances.

According to the authors, the United States ranks with France and England as among the most stringently opposed to abortion. Each of the forty-eight states has preventive statutes. Comparatively, the Scandinavian countries are very permissive, and in the Soviet Union, Communist China, and Japan abortion is legal.

As in the preceding volumes, the authors again hold up before us the image of society copied largely from Hollywood movies. But, they say, the logical conclusion to movie-style romance is sexual relations, unsanctioned outside of marriage in the United States. The social conflicts are inevitable, the results often tragic.

In the following paragraphs the president of a women's college, a psychologist, a writer who specializes in medical subjects, a social anthropologist, and a research psychoanalyst comment on the value of this latest Kinsey Report.

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not observe the religious service, devout are, of course, the opposite. It is ludicrous, but confusion will be felt if these terms are brought in in connection with sexual activities. There are statistical data showing that, for instance, the inactive Protestants have a rate of nine pre-marital pregnancies per hundred coital years, the moderately devout six, and the devout four or that "by age twenty, the inactive Protestants with pre-marital coitus had a rate of twenty-one conceptions per hundred females, the moderately devout thirteen," and so on. For some moments you are uncertain if the description active and inactive concerns the motions in the church or in bed during those hundred coital years.

Statisticians' Delight

By Maxine Davis, *Author of "Sexual Responsibility of Women"*

ALTHOUGH the Report is admittedly overweighted by figures obtained in the Northeast states, the information produced and the conclusions drawn therefrom must be regarded as statistically sound. While most of the interviews on which it is based were obtained between 1940 and 1949, the Report indicates a trend, and there is no recent evidence to suggest that it is not applicable to current conditions and attitudes.

The portion of the study which analyzes the unfavorable consequences of induced abortion are especially interesting, revealing as they do a much lower result of ill-health and sterility than previous investigations have led us to assume. Since "physicians," licensed or unlicensed, performed 85 per cent of the abortions reported, it is apparent that many more of the persons who perform this operation nowadays have medical training than in the past.

The only figures which I would question are those showing the remarkably small over-all percentage of women who report no adverse psychological consequences. This may be true but the subject poses questions which cannot be answered as simply, directly, or reliably as the others.

As a whole, I think this is an extremely important contribution to the new body of knowledge on various aspects of sex activity in this country gathered and published by the Institute for Sex Research, and should be accepted as authoritative, with respect and admiration.

Cry for Compassion

By Ashley Montagu, *Social Anthropologist*

THE Kinsey Reports have been most valuable, and the present one continues in the service of supplying us with new insights based on original findings which would be hard to duplicate elsewhere. By far the most important contribution made by the present volume is to our knowledge of the high frequency of illegal abortion in the United States, the great competence of most of the experienced abortionists, and the pressing necessity for the wider social recognition of the fact that the health of a society is dependent upon the compassion and intelligence with which it faces the facts of life and renders overtly legal what is at present covertly and illegally practised. There comes a time in the life of every society when it must cease talking about "the birds and the bees," and accept the facts about human beings as they are—*not* as we might wish them to be. Millions of women will go on having unwanted conceptions. Those women need sympathetic understanding, and not the present inhumanity they experience in our society. In the Appendix the reader is given a survey of the manner in which these matters are handled in other countries. Mr. Dulles, I am sure, wouldn't be interested, but the reader

(*Continued on page* 30)

—*Dellenback.*

Wardell Pomeroy, Cornelia Christenson, Clyde Martin, Paul Gebhard—"most logical study."

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WAS ALGER HISS FRAMED? A DEBATE

Chambers.

ON January 25, 1950, after two wearisome trials and a storm of discussion heard round the globe, a man named Alger Hiss rose in a New York City courtroom and listened to Federal Judge Henry Goddard sentence him to five years in a Federal penitentiary. He had been convicted of perjury, but the deeper issue had to do with treason, allegedly committed more than ten years before; the statute of limitations protected Hiss from this far more serious indictment.

Apart from the sociology of this Hiss affair, which seemed to symbolize the moods and schisms of a whole era, here was a case where the complexities of the evidence—the typewriter; the red rug; the different bundles of documents; Chambers's long, intricate testimony; and all the rest of it—put the heaviest imaginable burden on the adversary proceedings and jury panels which comprise the American system of justice. It is this aspect of the matter that is forcefully dealt with in a new study by Fred J. Cook, ***"The Unfinished Case of Alger Hiss"*** *(Morrow, $3.50). Mr. Cook does not attempt to retry the case, or to reconstruct the "atmosphere" of the Thirties and the personality of Hiss, or to improvise the "real facts." He addresses himself to the far more serious issue of the forms of justice on which our society depends, and which, if they are to continue to thrive, must embrace all men—and all crimes—equally.* The Saturday Review *has asked Fred Rodell, professor of law at Yale University, and Victor Lasky, co-author of "Seeds of Treason," to debate the question raised by Mr. Cook's book: Did Alger Hiss get a fair trial?*

—Wide World.
Hiss.

I. The Climate of the Hiss Trials

The political weather that enveloped the country during the year and a half that the Hiss Case was on the front pages is recalled by Walter Millis, former editorial writer for the New York Herald Tribune, *a Republican newspaper. An historian, Mr. Millis is the author of "The Martial Spirit" and editor of "The Forrestal Diaries."*

By WALTER MILLIS

THE Hiss Case occupied our hearts and headlines from August, 1948, when Whittaker Chambers first publicly named Alger Hiss as a one-time crypto-Communist, until January, 1950, when Hiss was convicted on two counts of perjury. It lived on, in a way, for another year while Hiss was exhausting his rights of appeal; it then passed as a stereotype into the propaganda battles of the day, and while no one was allowed to forget the name, few remembered much about the case.

These eighteen months from mid-1948 to early 1950 were a time of transition—of the transition, specifically, from moderation to McCarthyism. In the early summer of 1948 there was a growing alarm over the perils of the Cold War; but there still prevailed a relative sanity about international affairs and a considerable surviving respect for the common decencies of freedom and justice. Symptomatically, it was only two or three weeks after Hiss's conviction in 1950 that Senator McCarthy, in Wheeling, opened his career as an anti-Communist with the revelation that there were 200 (or some such number) of "card-carrying Communists in the State Department." It is not easy today to recover the exact political and intellectual flavor of the pre-McCarthy era.

In 1947 the President had matched Stalin's declaration of Cold War with his own "Truman Doctrine"; he had also set up our first formal "loyalty" program for testing the political beliefs of public servants. But, even after the Communist rape of Czechoslovakia in the spring of 1948, it had occurred to almost no one that the Truman Doctrine would ever have to be infused with real military power; while the loyalty program was confined to ferreting out only those of whom there was reason to believe that they were disloyal. (Not until 1951 was this relatively civilized standard changed to entrap those of whom there was reason to doubt that they were loyal.)

The House Un-American Activities Committee had long been pursuing supposed Communists in government; but to most liberals and many of conservative persuasion this seemed an egregious perversion of the Constitutional verities, in the interest mainly of partisan politics. In the fall of 1947, when the Committee made its first foray upon Hollywood, the hostile witnesses standing upon their Constitutional rights elicited much sympathy; and a delegation (not organized by Communists) of Hollywood big names descended upon Washington to do battle with the Un-American Activities Committee for the way it was "kicking the daylights out of the Bill of Rights." But the insolent and truculent behavior of the witnesses whose Constitutional position they

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had come to defend shocked the non-Communist stars; their liberal effort collapsed, and there were to be few thereafter willing to defend the Constitutional rights of Communists.

When in the spring of 1948 the Un-American Activities Committee produced the Mundt-Nixon bill for the control of domestic Communists (in effect, by identifying them and reducing them to a kind of second-class citizenship) many even of the liberal tendency, warned by the fiasco of the Hollywood delegation, felt obliged to give it serious attention. Conspiratorial Communism was beginning to present a genuine theoretical or Constitutional problem to democratic government, even though few were greatly alarmed over its practical perils, and the activity of the Un-American Activities Committee seemed inspired mainly by a desire to find a stick with which to beat the Truman Administration in the 1948 elections. But then, in July and August, the Committee, with the testimony of Elizabeth Bentley and Chambers, at last struck pay dirt. Except among the jubilant partisans and the long-standing professionals of anti-Communism, the reaction was more one of bewilderment than anything else. Liberal attachment to fair investigation and due process contended with loathing of Communism, with loyalties to or hatred of the New Deal, with fears of Russia and Russian espionage, with respect for Hiss's high public character (so sharply in contrast with that of Chambers), with positions in the reviving war between "interventionists," typified in Hiss, and the isolationists, for whom so many of the Midwestern Republican anti-Communists spoke, and with other more complex emotions for dominant place in the public mind.

Such was the background against which Dean Acheson could declare that he would not "turn his back" on Hiss, which produced endless dinner-table arguments and ended the first trial with a hung jury. And such was the initial background which events, powerfully aided by the trials themselves, steadily hardened into the rigid but impassioned unanimity on Communism which McCarthy was so skilfully to exploit. It was between the first and second trials that the Soviet Union exploded its first atomic bomb, destroying the very foundations of our supposed international position. The creation of NATO in 1949 had already begun to bring home the military character of the defense of Europe. By January, 1950, the climate of the times revealed far greater, more complicated, tensions than those of 1948; by that time, Hiss's conviction had, doubtless, become all but inevitable.

II. "Phony, Fabricated Evidence"

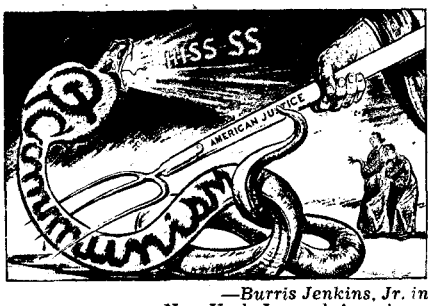
By FRED RODELL

IT IS simple. It is sickening. It is sinister. Assuming, as I do, that Chester T. Lane, a responsible and rather conservative New York lawyer, did not deliberately lie in his elaborately documented motion for a new trial, and assuming, as I do, that Fred J. Cook, a responsible crime reporter for a conservative New York newspaper, did not deliberately lie in recently reviewing and analyzing the whole case in book form, only one conclusion is possible: Alger Hiss was framed—not just by Whittaker Chambers, who could not conceivably have done it alone, but with the active help of the then Government of the United States.

Taking part in the framing were the triple forces that make up our so-called "tripartite form" of Federal Government: (1) the Legislative Branch, in the shape of a Congressional Investigating Committee on Un-American Activities that was out, not for facts or truth or justice, but for New Deal-Fair Deal blood at any cost, in an election year (this was 1948); (2) the Judicial Branch, in the shape of a judge named Henry W. Goddard, who denied Hiss a new trial in the face of revelations so startling that only a shut mind could have dismissed them as trivial, and (3) especially the Executive Branch, in the shape of the sacrosanct FBI, which used no less than 263 agents from forty-five of its fifty-two field offices on the Hiss case, which indubitably blocked defense efforts to find or pin down legitimate evidence favorable to Hiss, and which very probably cooperated in manufacturing much of the major tangible evidence on which Hiss was convicted. I repeat—and I am aware that my saying so may well bring FBI agents to my office soon after this piece appears, and welcome to them—assuming that Lane and Cook are not lying, Alger Hiss was framed and the FBI played a prominent part in framing him.

—*Herblock in "The Herblock Book" (Beacon).*

"Fire."



—*Burris Jenkins, Jr. in* New York Journal-American.

"Trial by Jury."

In saying that Alger Hiss was framed, I am not saying that he was never a Communist. I do not know whether Alger Hiss was ever a Communist—although I do know that the only two people who have ever so accused him, of their own alleged personal knowledge (save Mrs. Chambers, backing up her husband), are, on the open record, self-contradicting liars; I mean Whittaker Chambers and Nathaniel Weyl. I also know that Alger Hiss has never publicly explained to my satisfaction nor, I gather, to anyone's satisfaction his—or perhaps his wife's (and the possibility of personal blackmail there has never been fully explored)—strange and underplayed past relationship to Chambers, a relationship which somehow sparked "the trial of our generation." Indeed, Hiss's aloof evasiveness (his recent book, "In the Court of Public Opinion" included), about what I have elsewhere called "The Mystery of the Missing Motive" undoubtedly helped hang him. For if Hiss was not a Communist spy, how come—and it is a fair question—Chambers picked on *him* to frame? From Hiss comes only a sullen and insulted silence.

No—in saying that Alger Hiss was framed I meant that, *regardless* of whether he was once a spy or a milder manner of Communist, he was convicted largely on phony,

(*Continued on page* 28)

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III. "Special Pleading, Tricky . . . "

By VICTOR LASKY

IT HAS long been obvious that the powerful forces behind Alger Hiss will never relax their efforts to convince the American people that his 1950 perjury conviction constituted, in the closing words of Fred Cook's book, "the most callous outrage ever perpetrated for base political advantage in America."

Playing the role of an objective reporter who concedes a few flaws in Hiss's defense, Cook states his central theme as follows: "Either Alger Hiss was a traitor to his country and remains one of the most colossal liars and hypocrites in history or he is an American Dreyfus, framed on the highest levels of justice for political advantage."

But Cook leaves little doubt as to his belief that Hiss was the innocent victim of a monstrous frame-up, engineered by diabolical conspirators in the highest Government positions.

Cook, however, never states the conspiracy theory—or its implications—in detail. Originally, Hiss charged that Whittaker Chambers had accused him of participation in the Communist underground for personal reasons. But as the evidence against him piled up, Hiss frantically sought other explanations. Finally, Hiss accused virtually the entire U.S. Government of participating in his frame-up.

And, going much farther than even Hiss himself, Cook suggests the participants in this incredible conspiracy included the Attorney General's office, the FBI, members of Congress including the present Vice President and even the judiciary in the person of the late Federal Judge Henry W. Goddard, a veteran jurist of impeccable reputation who presided at the second Hiss trial.

It is Cook's thesis, previously expounded by Hiss in his own book, that the purpose of the frame-up was to assist the Republican Party's campaign by proving that the Roosevelt-Truman administrations were Red-infested. The absurdity of this is obvious: Hiss was indicted by a Democratic Attorney General, prosecuted by a Democrat (later appointed to the bench by President Truman for his superb work in this case), and sentenced under a Democratic administration.

To accept the Cook-Hiss conspiracy theory, one must:

1. Trace the plot back to 1938 when, in mysterious fashion, Chambers obtained top-secret cable summaries in Hiss's handwriting for use ten years hence to bolster, in Cook's words, "the Republican battle cry of 'Twenty Years of Treason'. . . ." All this, of course, suggests superhuman prescience on Chambers's part—advance knowledge that Hiss, in 1938 a minor State Department functionary, would rise so high as to accompany President Roosevelt to Yalta and thus by 1948 make an excellent target for "smearing" the New Deal.

2. Believe that Chambers's lone-wolf conspiracy was later expanded to include Dick Nixon, J. Edgar Hoover, and hundreds of FBI agents who, in turn, engaged in a fantastic campaign of forgery, perjury, intimidation of witnesses, falsification of evidence—all aimed at the destruction of the career and reputation of an innocent Alger Hiss.

WHAT is this theory other than a replica of the police-state caricature of the U. S. Government so assiduously cultivated by worldwide Soviet propaganda? In the Communist book, every case involving Soviet agents—as, for example, the Rosenbergs—is perforce a capitalist frame-up. And the Communists have long contended the Hiss case was a frame-up. The Communist line on the case was handed down several years ago by

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GENESIS OF THE BOOK: "The Unfinished Story of Alger Hiss" has its roots in an article that Fred Cook did for the April, 1957, issue of *Saga* magazine about William Remington. His assignment was to explain how such a man could become a Communist. Only, the deeper he went into the case the more doubts he began to have that Remington had ever been a Communist. The resultant article reflected his conclusion that the former State Department employee had been railroaded. Later that month Carey McWilliams asked him if he would do a similar study of the Hiss trials. "I told him," Mr. Cook said the other day, "that I had changed my mind about Remington after I had looked at the record, but I just didn't think anything was going to change my mind about Hiss."

Until then he hadn't read any of the books dealing with the case, nor met any of the principals, but, prompted by *The Nation*'s editor, he looked at the summary that appears in "Guilty or Not Guilty?," by Francis X. Busch. "The evidence that convinced him didn't convince me," Mr. Cook said. He has been a newspaperman for twenty-five years, the last thirteen of them on the staff of the conservative *New York World-Telegram and Sun,* where his forte is writing about crime and its political tendrils, and he is familiar with underworld tools. "The typewriter business," he said, "was to me incredible all the way through. A spy ring with a setup for microfilming documents doesn't waste the time it takes to copy them by typewriter." There were other factors that disturbed him as he delved more and more into the evidence.

The article, which appeared September 21, 1957, provoked blasts in *The Saturday Evening Post, Counterattack,* and *U.S. News and World Report.* However, a former editor at Morrow brought it to the attention of Thayer Hobson, president of the firm and Priscilla Hiss's first husband, who wanted it enlarged into a book.

Mr. Cook's previous books include paperbacks for Gold Medal about the Snyder-Gray Murder Case and Starr Faithful, and a "hardcover job" for Harcourt, Brace, "Youth and Danger," written with Senator Robert C. Hendrickson, who was the first chairman of the U.S. Juvenile Delinquency Committee. His next for Morrow will be "Forgotten Heroes of the Revolution," a collection of articles he has written for *Saga, American Heritage,* and various men's magazines.

A "political maverick," Mr. Cook votes a split ticket in New Jersey. Though "basically a New Deal liberal," he has pulled down the lever for Republicans Hendrickson, H. Alexander Smith, and Clifford Case.

Asked whether he wasn't apprehensive about a hostile reaction to his stand, he said, "I am scared of this climate in which people don't dare think, and don't dare say what they think. You don't get thought, and you don't get controversy: you have a dead society that's just waiting for the man on horseback."

—ROCHELLE GIRSON.

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Masses and Mainstream, in an article entitled, of all things, "The Hiss Frame-up."

The Red magazine, pitting "the good personal character of Alger Hiss" against "the villainous character of Chambers and his abnormal behavior," contended that Hiss was framed to bolster "McCarthyism." The fact is that Hiss was first publicly accused years before McCarthy burst into the limelight.

If one were to use Cook's technique of citing disreputable people opposed to Hiss to bolster his conspiracy theory, then it could be at least asked whether any connection exists between the *Masses and Mainstream* article and the Cook book, since both say pretty much the same things.

But to set all minds at rest, let it be stated that this reviewer is in no way implying that Cook is a Communist. Having pounded out many a yarn with Cook on the *World-Telegram and Sun*, the reviewer, however, must confess bewilderment as to why he has written this book. The circumstances which led to its publication could conceivably be of more interest than the book itself. For one thing, the publisher was once married to Mrs. Hiss.

Slick, readable, persuasive, with a thin patina of spurious objectivity, the book is chiefly a rehash of the arguments advanced by the Hiss attorneys in their vain efforts to get him a third trial. Cook's task was made easier because in 176 pages he could select a multi-thousand-page court record in such a way as to make guilt look like innocence; because most of his readers obviously will have no judicial training; and because the detailed facts of the case are now—eight years later—largely forgotten.

For example, how many of Cook's readers will recall that Hiss was only one of a number of former Government employees originally accused by Chambers? And, it must be asked, just why did the other accused employees—Abt, Collins, Perlo, Kramer, and Witt—rely on the Fifth Amendment in refusing to say whether or not Hiss was a fellow Red conspirator? Are we to believe that their conduct was part of the conspiracy to injure Hiss; that these accused Soviet agents were working hand in glove with Nixon and the FBI to "destroy" Hiss?

IN SUPPRESSING telling evidence against Hiss, Cook does so in a way that sheds revealing light on his standards of objective reporting. For example, he quotes Nathaniel Weyl's 1950 book, "Treason," to the effect it was remarkable that Elizabeth Bentley was able to testify against Harry Dexter White, but "offered nothing detrimental concerning Hiss." In a letter authorizing Cook to use this quotation, Weyl called his attention to the fact that by 1952 Miss Bentley had testified that Hiss indeed was a Soviet agent. Characteristically, Cook, while using the Weyl quote of 1950, nowhere reveals the existence of the damaging 1952 Bentley testimony against Hiss.

Cook simply ignores other charges made against Hiss. He never mentions testimony that French Premier Daladier had warned U.S. Ambassador William Bullitt in the fall of 1939—following the smashing of a Soviet spy ring in Paris—that there were two State Department officials named Hiss "who were Soviet agents." Cook, likewise, ignores former Ambassador Spruille Braden's testimony concerning Hiss's pro-Soviet machinations to undermine U.S. control of the Panama Canal. And he does not mention J. Edgar Hoover's secret memorandum of November 25, 1945, which, naming Hiss as a dangerous Soviet agent, added that Igor Gouzenko, who exposed the Canadian spy ring, was told by his Soviet superior that "the Soviets had an agent in the U.S. in May, 1945, who was an assistant to the then Secretary of State, Edward R. Stettinius." This last omission is perhaps the most revealing. Cook obviously is aware that espionage during wartime is a capital offense and is not covered by any statute of limitations. An American who spied against his country in wartime is likely to stand firm and to deny everything, lest he risk the electric chair.

Another example of how Cook handles evidence is in his discussion of the Hiss spy documents produced by

(*Continued on page 29*)

Christ Pantocrator. Detail of the apse fresco from San Clemente de Tahull in the Museum of Catalan Art at Barcelona, Spain.

HOW MANY ANGELS danced on the head of a pin would have provided a likely subject for Romanesque artists. Often these anonymous monks, laboring in monastery workshops, depicted in intricate design points of theological doctrine. In the handsomely illustrated **"Romanesque Painting"** (Skira, $22.50), authors André Grabar and Carl Nordenfalk interpret the immense diversity and considerable artistry of these pre-Renaissance painters. Old and New Testament figures, saints' lives, learned doctrines figured prominently as subjects, but within the traditional themes, the artists conveyed their own inventiveness and originality. Itinerant painters who adorned chapel walls with bright frescoes enriched religious panels of saints' martyrdoms and miracles by including portraits of their local, high-ranking contemporaries. In the illuminated manuscripts, hundreds of initials were painstakingly entwined with minute figures.

Christ Pantocrator. Twelfth century. Detail of the apse fresco from the Church of Esterri de Cardos in the Museum of Catalan Art.

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Why I Changed My Mind

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The following guest-editorial by Bertrand Russell was written in response to criticism that his position on the USSR has drastically changed. Thirteen years ago he felt that the West should threaten war against the Soviet Union. Today he urges the pursuit of agreements.*

LONDON.

AT A TIME when America alone possessed the atom bomb and when the American Government was advocating what was known as the Baruch Proposal, the aim of which was to internationalize all the uses of atomic energy, I thought the American proposal both wise and generous. It seemed to me that the Baruch scheme, if adopted, would prevent an atomic arms race the appalling dangers of which were evident to all informed opinion in the West.

For a time, it seemed possible that the USSR would agree to this scheme since it had everything to gain and nothing to lose. Unfortunately, Stalin's suspicious nature made him think that there was some trap, and Russia decided to produce her own atomic weapons. I thought, at that time, that it would be worthwhile to bring pressure to bear upon Russia and even, if necessary, to go so far as to threaten war on the sole issue of the internationalizing of atomic weapons.

My aim, then as now, was to prevent a war in which both sides possessed the power of producing worldwide disaster. Western statesmen, however, confident of the supposed technical superiority of the West, believed that there was no danger of Russia achieving equality with the non-Communist world in the field of nuclear warfare. Their confidence in this respect has turned out to have been mistaken. It follows that, if nuclear war is now to be prevented, it must be by new methods and not by those which could have been employed ten years ago.

My critics seem to think that, if you have once advocated a certain policy, you should continue to advocate it after all the circumstances have changed. This is quite absurd. If a man gets into a train with a view to reaching a certain destination, and on the way the train breaks down, you will not consider the man guilty of an inconsistency if he gets out of the train and employs other means of reaching his destination. In like manner, a person who advocates a certain policy in certain circumstances will advocate a quite different policy in different circumstances.

I have never been a complete pacifist and have at no time maintained that all who wage war are to be condemned. I *have* held the view, which I should have thought was that of common sense, that some wars have been justified and others not. In the present situation, if a great war should break out the belligerents on either side and the neutrals would be equally defeated. This is a new situation and means that war can no longer be used as an instrument of policy. It is true that the threat of war can still be used, but only by a lunatic.

Unfortunately, some people *are* lunatics. Not long ago lunatics were in command of a powerful state. We cannot be sure this will not happen again. If it does, it will produce a disaster compared with which the horrors achieved by Hitler were a flea-bite. The world at present is balanced in unstable equilibrium upon a sharp edge. To achieve stability, new methods are required, and it is these new methods that those who think as I do are attempting to urge upon the East and upon the West.

I do not deny that the policy I have advocated has changed from time to time. It has changed as circumstances have changed. To achieve a single purpose, sane men adapt their policies to the circumstances. Those who do not are insane.

Though I do not admit inconsistency, I should not be wholly sincere if I did not admit that my mood and feelings have undergone a change somewhat deeper than that resulting from strategic considerations alone. The awful prospect of the extermination of the human race, if not in the next war, then in the next but one or the next but two, is so sobering to any imagination which has seriously contemplated it as to demand very fundamental fresh thought on the whole subject not only of international relations but of human life and its capabilities. If you were quarrelling with a man about some issue that both you and he had thought important, just at the moment when a sudden hurricane threatened to destroy you both and the whole neighborhood, you would probably forget the quarrel. I think what is important at present is to make mankind aware of the hurricane and forgetful of the issues which have been producing strife.

I KNOW it is difficult after spending many years and much eloquence on the evils of Communism or Capitalism, as the case may be, to see this issue as one of relative unimportance. But, although this is difficult, it is what both the Soviet rulers and the men who shape the policy of the United States will have to achieve if mankind is to survive. To make such a realization possible is the purpose of my present policy.

What is needed is a new direction on both sides and a determination, not only to make proposals, but to find compromises which give no net advantage to either side. The risk involved in not negotiating is the extermination of the human race. This, surely, is a greater risk than that of some diplomatic advantage to one side or the other. We must hope that this will become obvious both to Russia and to the United States. What is needed is emphasis on our common interest in human survival rather than upon the matters in which our interests are supposed to differ. Whether we wish it or not, the only road to the welfare of each is the welfare of all.

—BERTRAND RUSSELL.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

BERGDORF REPENTS

We've just gotten photographs of the Bergdorf window in Brussels. We couldn't agree with Horace Sutton more (*SR* May 3). They're as bad as he says. The organization and the development of the Fair having been what they were, the fact this window did not come anywhere near our standards was really beyond our control. Nevertheless, at this moment the window is being redesigned and the clothes changed in the hope to make it look somewhat like our own.

Leonard J. Hankin.
Vice President,
Bergdorf Goodman,
New York, N. Y.

WYLIE DID THE TRICK

I was happy to read the bludgeoning handed to *SR*'s exponent of the New Criticism, John Ciardi (*SR* May 10). When I read his blown-up "explication" of Frost's delightfully simple poem, "Stopping by Woods on a Snowy Evening," I was tempted to write a letter of protest against such arrant nonsense. However, knowing that somebody else could do a better job, I restrained myself. And Philip Wylie did the trick much more effectively than I could.

Hale Sturges.
Lakeland, Fla.

MAY I SUGGEST?

As an editor for more than thirty years of an important daily newspaper, I have some knowledge of good and bad writing. By trial and error, we have learned to throw the bad stuff away. May I respectfully suggest that freedom of speech, opinion, or press does not include any duty on your part to circulate Ciardi? Unless, of course, you prefer to be ridiculous.

Paul B. Williams.
Utica, N. Y.

I DON'T KNOW

I'm just a simple country feller, but I always thought I understood Frost's poem. Now I don't know if I understand my horse.

Allen M. Mortimer.
Martha's Vineyard, Mass.

A PITY

Ciardi is still "the man with the butterfly bat." Frost's poem was so badly mashed, rather than dissected, that some may have difficulty in ever putting it back together, which is a pity.

Roger B. Thompson.
Knoxville, Tenn.

FROST'S COMMENT

Mr. Frost's own comment during a talk at the University of California (Berkeley) Greek Theatre might well apply. He said that he was certainly impressed by literary critics who could explain his third, fourth, and fifth meanings when he could only figure out his first and second.

Bob Rodini.
El Cerrito, Calif.

ESSAY ON CRITICISM

If Wylie feels so strongly about it, I think he might better have spent his forty minutes organizing an essay on criticism, which, if submitted to *SR*, would probably be published to the edification of all. This would certainly seem more positive an attack than the acidulous little outburst of namecalling to which he treated us. If anything, he proved Ciardi's contention that it takes quite a poet to rhyme in English. His own attempt would even make Ogden Nash weep.

Frank J. Rinaldi.
Totowa Borough, N. J.

LET'S ASSUME

Poetry lovers, let us assume that the poetry editor of *SR*, Mr. Ciardi, was entirely wrong in the spirit and tone in which he once attacked the poetry of Mrs. Lindbergh. But consider this. The man who never did wrong, never did anything. And never will.

Don Clary.
Buffalo, N. Y.

PROVING THE POINT

Philip Wylie certainly proved Mr. Ciardi's point with that sixteen-line what-you-may-call-it of his. It reads more like the product of a mechanical brain than that of a Remington Noiseless.

Jesse Forbeck.
St. Louis, Mo.

NOTHING TO PLEASE

It seems that Ciardi can do nothing to please some of your readers. The rash of letters vilifying his sensitive and discerning appreciation of Frost's poem must have come from the same readers whose susceptibilities were wounded when he pointed out the limitations of Mrs. Lindbergh's poetry.

Frank Smoyer.
Allentown, Pa.

KNOWLEDGE OF DEPTH

Analysis of a poem doesn't destroy its beauties; it puts the reader closer to them. The deeper a critic probes, the better he is doing his job and the more valuable he is to us. Ciardi has shown that Frost's poem has depth as well as simplicity and charm. Surely our knowledge of that depth isn't going to lessen our joy in rereading the poem.

John S. Shea.
Camp Irwin, Calif.

IMPORTANT THING

The fact that Ciardi gave his reaction to the poem in no way, so far as I can see, prevents others from having a different version of the same poem. Different experiences can make us take a similar situation and feel differently about it. The important thing is that we stop to think about what is being written.

Harriette Ring.
Batavia, N. Y.

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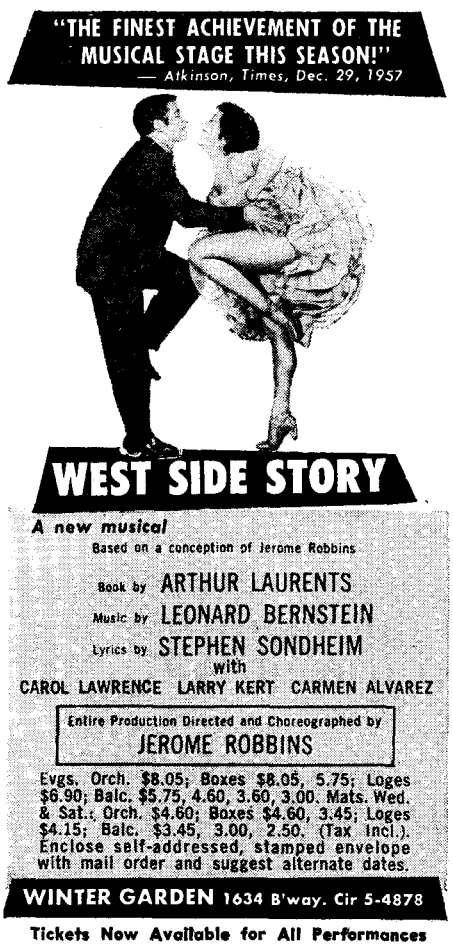
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A Superior Season

WHY does the 1957-1958 season seem the most memorable of many years? Lots of hits? There were, but remove two-thirds of the popular successes from the roster and the season would still have been superior. For the memorability of a season comes from those plays, successful or unsuccessful, which bring about some expansion of theatrical horizons.

The top achievement in this respect is that of Friedrich Duerrenmatt, whose "The Visit" has hit upon a new way to state modern tragedy. Trailing not far behind is John Osborne, whose "The Entertainer" and "Look Back in Anger" shook our stages with their vital and uncompromising revolt against the staleness of life in present-day England. And in third place is William Saroyan, who returned to Broadway after a seventeen years' absence with "The Cave Dwellers," a full, brave, and often successful attempt to re-create today's extinction-threatened world.

But these three constitute only the beginning of a list which must also include Ionesco, who used pure theatre to explore the accepted absurdities of life; Beckett, whose synthesis of hopelessness is gloomy and artificial, but sticks in your mind despite yourself; Tennessee Williams, who made an agonizing personal statement off-Broadway where he could not be accused of commercially exploiting sensationalism; William Inge, who probed his own youth to give us the emotional basis for a more realistic and responsible coming-to-terms with ordinary life; Arthur Laurents, who lifted the problems of juvenile delinquency out of sociology into history; and Ray Lawler, who showed us a new Australian theatre.

The second-hand playwrights made a distinguished contribution, too. Most unforgettable was the evening Emlyn Williams put together of Dylan Thomas's short stories. Then comes Ketti Frings's amazing job of making an effective play from a sprawling Thomas Wolfe novel.

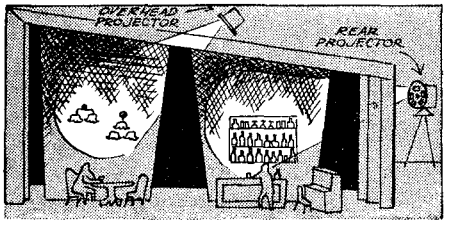
Since in our theatre the director is in large part responsible for a play's effectiveness, one must salute the outstanding contributions made by Elia Kazan ("The Dark at the Top of the Stairs"), Peter Brook ("The Visit"), George Roy Hill ("Look Homeward, Angel"), Arthur Penn ("Two for the Seesaw"), Peter Hall ("The Rope Dancers"), and Stuart Vaughan, who directed five Shakespeare plays. As director-choreographer, Jerome Robbins made "West Side Story" a new advance in the use of dance to tell a serious story.

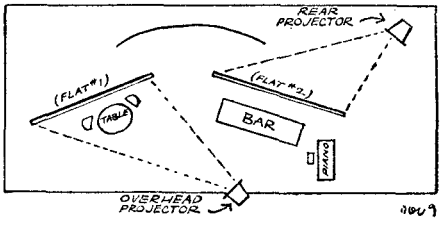
LASTLY one remembers this season for visual reasons. Teo Otto's sets in "The Visit"; the searing hot Egypt created for us by Boris Aaronson and Tharon Musser in "The Firstborn"; Ming Cho Lee's stunning Greek temple in "The Infernal Machine"; the Eckarts' iridescent ferryboat in "Copper and Brass"; Oliver Smith's under-the-West-Side Highway scene in "West Side Story," and, in "Love Me Little," Ralph Alswang's deceptively clever device of colored back panels dropped in invisibly behind scrims during narration to suggest scenery simply without the use of confining architectural masses.

But the finest job of all was Jo Mielziner's scenery and lighting for "Look Homeward, Angel." Beyond this truly poetic achievement, Mr. Mielziner made a noteworthy advance in the use of projected scenery in his designs for "Miss Lonelyhearts." Instead of merely projecting slides against a backdrop, he devised a method (illustrated below) which permits the actor to move about freely in front of, beside, through, and behind the flats against which his designs were being projected.

All this suggests that it is the ambitious and not always successful advances in playwriting and stage techniques that give us a sense of progress toward a more totally absorbing theatre and are therefore the real measure of a superior season.

—HENRY HEWES.





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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Van Cliburn's Piano, also John Lewis and John Cage

VAN CLIBURN had a massive greeting from everybody who is anybody (and lots of well-wishing nobodies too) at his homecoming concert in Carnegie Hall after winning the Tchaikovsky piano competition in Moscow. Indeed, it may be said that he was "in" before he was "on," though he tried manfully to stem the thunderous applause at his entrance by sitting down at the piano after twenty seconds of it. He rose to his lanky height and bowed again, following which the audience that crammed every corner of the hall allowed him to go to work.

And what work! With Kiril P. Kondrashin, his Soviet colleague of the Russian tournée, leading the Symphony of the Air in his support, Cliburn coursed through the B flat minor (No. 1) Tchaikovsky concerto and the D minor (No. 3) of Rachmaninoff like a mettlesome thoroughbred going the Derby distance. For those who had heard his only previous Carnegie Hall appearance in 1954, with the Philharmonic, it was absorbing to note the ways in which his art has matured and his style has settled. It is still (even more so) a bold, slashing attack he favors, with a remarkable amount of contrast and modulation of sound. But now it is more chiseled and firmly controlled, exceptional in its combination of vibrant power and warming sensitivity.

For a rarity, the listener-spectator came away with as keen a recollection of the back of the pianist's head as of his profile, which means, simply, that all of the time when Cliburn was not playing, and some of the time when he was, his attention was riveted on the orchestra behind him, absorbed in what they were doing, intent upon how he could best blend his sound with its. This is, of course, the way such things should be done, but only infrequently are. It is a mark of Cliburn's musicianship, his innate modesty, and purposefulness that even in such supercharged surroundings his attention was concentrated on an esthetic ideal rather than on self-advantage. A fine artist now, he has all the equipment to be a great one. Doubtless he will learn to curb his muscularity some and sharpen his definition of in-between dynamics as time goes on—but he has, in simple truth, a lifetime ahead of him in which to make any mark he sets for himself.

No little of the occasion's artistry was contributed by Kondrashin, a handsome figure of a musical man himself, who began the evening with a vividly personalized performance of Prokofieff's "Classical" Symphony, and matched his attention to detail with Cliburn's in the concerti. In all of the works—Prokofieff, Tchaikovsky, Rachmaninoff—there was a degree of deliberateness, a spacious breadth of contrast eminently Russian, and refreshing for all its occasional unfamiliarity. But he was more than a master of orchestral technique—he was a master of the orchestral technicians with whom he worked, to which they attested not only by their applause, but even more by their unremitting concentration and whole-hearted cooperation. In short, a richly rewarding evening of Russian-American co-existence, in which the only necessary interpreters were the musical ones.

TO CHARACTERIZE the Modern Jazz Quartet as reactionary is akin to dubbing tomorrow yesterday, but very little it did in its recent Town Hall concert was not a reaction against some tendency in the jazz of its elders, if not its betters. Included was a reaction against noise and raucousness, formlessness and lack of design, informality and ostentation. In their places were modesty of sound, a conscious effort at integration, a decorum as profound as prevails in a consort of viols.

Some may say this is not reaction but progress. But how can it be termed progress, really, when so many of the basic values of jazz—spontaneity, humor, high spirits, even an occasional untutored gross error or two—are denied? To borrow a phrase from another folk art, it is all like trying to catch lightning in a bottle. What profit if, in imprisoning a gaseous something or other, you lose the vital spark—which is to say, the electricity?

In deference to the energies concentrated in the work of John Lewis, piano, Milton Jackson, vibes, Percy Heath, bass, and Conny Kay, drummer, the Modern Jazz Quartet must be recognized as a wonderfully companionable group—the best, perhaps, since the Goodman groups of old. But it strikes me as, for all its successes here and abroad, incomplete, for lack of a melodic trunk around which to group its garlands of embellishment. In some hands, the piano and vibes have, individually, satisfied that requirement, but both, as performed upon by Messrs. Lewis and Jackson, are more in the percussion area.

For that matter, it is the percussion itself which strikes the really new note in the MJQ (as it is, BSO-wise, familiarly known). I am venturing into dangerous territory in assigning to Kay all the improvements and embellishments on an ancient art which distinguish his performances. But his use of brushes on cymbals, light stick taps of the snare rims, and upgrading on the usual dull bass drum to a tenor version of itself provide a variety and flexibility of timbre altogether unusual.

Lewis, of course, is as adroit a pianist (especially in a kind of bare-bones-blues called "Two Degrees East Three Degrees West") as Jackson is a master, building on Hampton and Norvo, of the vibes, though his taste in vibrato struck me as somewhat sickly. Practically all the pieces related to the same technicalities. As for "Vendome," described as an invention (in the Bachian sense), it struck me as less invented than contrived. Reginald Forsythe covered the same ground years ago in "Dodging a Divorcée," and Alec Templeton in "Bach Goes to Town." In "Fontessa," related to the Commedia dell' arte, the group seemed to sell its birthright for a mess of *politesse.* Later there were embellishments from the film "One Never Knows," for which the quartet recorded the soundtrack.

SOMETHING of a related nature occupied the attention of another Town Hall audience later in the week when a "Retrospective Concert of Twenty-Five Years of the Music of John Cage" was offered. For most, Cage is associated with the "prepared piano" (also known as the well-tampered pianoforte) in which tacks, wires, paper, etc. are inserted between the strings to produce sounds other than those on which the maker has expended time, money, and research to perfect.

The evening was only passingly concerned with this aspect of Cage's ingenuity. It began with "Six Short Inventions," Webernesque in length but Cageian in pith. He cheated a little, for the sketches of 1934 were only lately instrumented for violin, two violas, cello, alto flute, trumpet, and clarinet. Then came a "Construction in Metal" (1937), with bells, cymbals, crinkled sheets of metal, and a gong. When Cage's setting of a passage from "Finnegans Wake" found him drumming on the closed piano as Arline Carmen vocalized, "music" had fled, and I followed. It was all being recorded, and will be available, eventually. I can wait. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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FICTION

"The Destroying Angels"

"The Fancher Train," by Amelia Bean *(Doubleday. 356 pp. $3.95), tells of the troubles between the Mormons and their gentile neighbors, which culminated in violence in the mid-nineteenth century.*

By Walter Havighurst

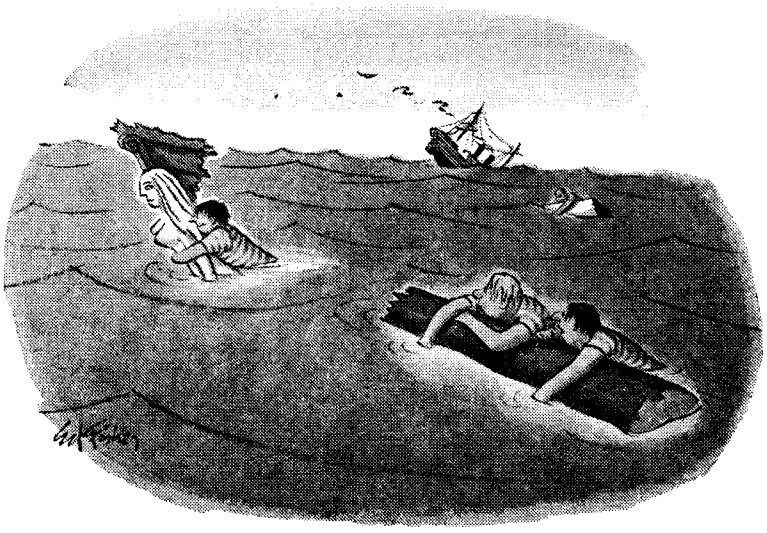
MORMON history contains two kinds of drama. It is marked with physical conflict and violence as well as with the inner struggles of people who lived under constraint of a special revelation. This latest novel of Mormon vicissitudes a century ago concerns the outer violence.

In October, 1838, at Haun's Mill, Missouri, there was trouble between the Mormons and their neighbors. Ruffians raided the Mormon settlements, and the "Destroying Angels" retaliated. In a final clash eighteen Mormons were slaughtered and the rest fled to the larger settlement at Far West. Soon the whole Mormon community left hostile Missouri for sanctuary in Illinois, where after another violence Brigham Young prepared his followers for the hegira to Utah.

In September, 1857, a wagon train, en route to California, was ambushed by a combined force of Mormons and Indians. At Mountain Meadows, under the towering Wasatch Range, 150 emigrants were killed. The Mormon leaders blamed the Indians for the massacre, but the tribes were armed with Mormon rifles and led by "Destroying Angels," who had not forgotten the trouble in Missouri nineteen years before.

The two bloody events, and the chain of hate and resentment which linked them, are the substance of Mrs. Bean's vivid and violent novel. The story follows the fortunes of the Fancher party, a wagon train bound from Arkansas to California. They had the misfortune to reach Mormon country at a touchy time. Hatred that had smoldered for a generation found a target in these gentiles on their way West.

MRS. BEAN writes of the overland journey with immediacy and force. She can enter the mind of a scout, of an Eastern girl, of an Indian youth, or a bearded Mormon—even of a plains-bred Indian war horse. She vividly portrays the huge Western landscape, plain, mountain, and desert, and she reveals many varieties of human nature. But at the center of her tale are two figures straight from Hollywood: the scout Jed Smith —"There was that about the slight flaring of the nostrils to put one in mind of a stallion, high-strung and restless"—and seventeen-year-old Melissa Boller, wilful and beautiful, tiny and fearless. After the massacre just two of the Fancher train are left alive, to find their future in the untrod wilderness beyond the Powder River. Guess who?



"That Appleby always has all the luck!"

A MATTER OF CONSCIENCE: For a long time now the monolithic Russian state has firmly kept its grip on affairs by openly placing its political commissars in effective charge of all army units. How this cynical and ruthless system works is quite powerfully laid bare in Gregory Solon's novel **"Let Us Find Heroes"** (Random House, $3.95). Like the police commissar who is set on the trail of wartime hero Captain Andrei Kagorin, the reader at first finds the quarry completely inscrutable and tightly locked in a shell of loyalty to the state. His record is impeccable: during the war he led a pack of rebellious partisans back into the fold by sacrificing his best friend, who stood in the way; he rolled wave after wave of green recruits into German and Rumanian artillery lines to face certain slaughter for the sake of glorifying the political commissars; and finally, rather than face the suspicions of the police, Andrei abandoned a girl who had given him love. Intelligence Colonel Yakov coldly reasons that a man with this kind of record must have ambitions that could either harm or help the state. What he could not know until the last minute was that the hidden anger which stirred Andrei's conscience, burdened with the guilt of wasted men's lives, would prompt him to defect to the West. The various police interrogation scenes, the battles, the psychological turmoil of men's minds have a terrifying immediacy in Gregory Solon's first-rate novel. —SIEGFRIED MANDEL.

TRAMP STEAMER GOB: In Robin Hiscock's **"The Last Run South"** (Knopf, $3.50), a moody but sinewy Canadian seaman named James Collins ships out on a tramp steamer bound for a South American port. It is Collins's first voyage since his union lost a crippling strike two years before, and he is anxious to hang on to his job. But the seaman's good intentions are dashed by the irrational hostility of the first mate, a secret-drinking paranoiac who has a larcenous sideline (he sells the ship's stores to the locals). The bad feeling between the mate and the long-suffering a.b. finally erupts during the ship's stay in a tropical port; there, in a gory saloon brawl, Collins disposes of both his frustrations and his job.

Mr. Hiscock, whose first novel this is, is billed on the jacket as a working seaman who began his career as a Thames deckhand some twelve years ago; he has negotiated his maritime experience into an action story of unusual depth. —MARTIN LEVIN.

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PERSONAL HISTORY

Wrinkled Valley Fairyland

"Erika and the King," by Erika Leuchtag *(Coward-McCann. 255 pp. $3.95), is a German masseuse's account of her days in the royal household of remote Nepal. Our reviewer is author and explorer Hassoldt Davis, who once lived in the isolated Nepal kingdom.*

By Hassoldt Davis

NEPAL, for centuries, was known to the few explorers who reached it as more difficult of access than Tibet, and far more interesting. Twice it repelled invading British armies across the Himalayas, and twice, in the two world wars, it sent its terrible, mercenary little Gurkhas to fight for Britain. We had to take the souvenir ears of the enemy from their pockets when they returned from night patrol, their great knives, their "khukris" blooded. And we had to watch over the Arab lasses, so dapper and libidinous were these tiny men.

Yet their civilization has been a true one, a mixture of cultures. Twenty-five years ago, climbing over the monstrous mountains on foot, you would descend to the valley of Khatmandu to find not only the exquisite temples and the blood-stained idols of the gods, but automobiles which had been carried in on the backs of coolies, since there were no roads. There was a telephone system in the valley which did not connect with the outside world, a proper university, a movie theatre, a modern hospital, and various palaces of marble imported from Italy. It was truly Shangri-la.

It still is, though tourists can obtain visas and fly in now. Their visit is limited to a few days only, for the Nepalese are wise enough to keep their idyllic valley to themselves. They will adopt the foreigner's technical advantages, or, as honest mercenaries, his pay, but they want no part of any "home-from-home." They are a national example of that abominable coinage, "Togetherness."

One of the few people—I believe 170—who were invited to Nepal before 1950 was a poetic German masseuse named Erika Leuchtag, to treat one of the two queens. This is a "King and I" story, of her proper

Erika Leuchtag—"a percipient masseuse."

adoration of the king, who was actually enslaved by the prime minister and the reigning Rana family. She soon was treating him, too, in the sumptuous guarded palace called bitterly "The Happy Cottage," and teaching him (who was the reincarnation of the king-god) to fox-trot in his bare feet.

> So almost every day [she writes] I went to the Happy Cottage in the cool evenings, and almost every day I learned more of these pale prisoners, and each time I loved them more. I gave the senior queen her treatment with great care, for her white skin bruised easily. Sometimes I treated the king, too, for although his body was strong and superbly made it was wasting now, as a tiger's magnificence will waste when caged.

In the evenings Erika and the king walked hand in hand through the prison palace gardens, watching the flowers fold, and in the mornings they would watch the multiple rainbows, the wild peacocks soaring, the snow-browed mountains of the Everest range.

THE keys of the palace bedrooms were of gold, as were King Tribhurana's visiting cards. The mighty temples of both Hinduism and Buddhism rose side by side, sometimes combined (one finds this nowhere else), and all the wrinkled valley was a sort of sinister fairyland.

Because Erika wanted the slave-god-king to be free as "a constitutional monarch of a democracy" she intrigued for his escape to India with the help of the Indian ambassador and Nehru. Then came the rebellion of 1950, the king's return to power, and his subsequent death in 1955.

This book is sensitively and warmly written, without much ethnological importance, but it is exciting in that Nepal is now the one bulwark between Communist Tibet and a teetering India. Mainly it is interesting as a tale of love between a scarcely-known but immediately cogent country, a lost king and a percipient masseuse.

Thirty Years Outside

"Memoirs of a Public Baby," by Philip O'Connor *(British Book Centre. 232 pp. $4), is the autobiographical account by a literary Englishman who spent his youth on the fringes of Britain's bohemia. David Daiches, who reviews the reminiscences, is a well-known English critic. He is the author of numerous books, among them "Poetry and the Modern World."*

By David Daiches

THIS is an autobiographical fragment by a young man whose upbringing was outside all the normal patterns of social life known to and accepted by our civilization. Philip O'Connor was the son of an Irish mother (with some Burmese blood) and an indolent and parasitic doctor, who never practised and who disappeared before his son was born. His mother, both childlike and strong-minded, with no roots in English or any other society, farmed out her little son at intervals, once for a period of two years with the widowed owner of a *pâtisserie* in Wimereux, near Boulogne. The description of the little boy's life in Wimereux with "Maman" is done with an intense savoring of the full quality of the experience—the place, the people, the states of mind—that is probably the best thing in the book.

Back in England, Philip lived a strange life, both squalid and luxurious, crazy and ordinary, with his mother, elder sister, and odd paternal uncle; the mother bullying the uncle unmercifully and planning with him a series of commercial schemes, none of which succeeded. At length he was taken away by his "guardian," a bachelor civil-servant with a wooden leg, who lived in a hut on a hill. He moved in and out of dif-

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ferent strata of English society seeing through the emptiness of all conformity, the meaninglessness of manners and codes imposed by tired schoolmistresses and hearty schoolmasters, becoming more and more self-conscious about himself, his desires and fears and lusts, his identity and his relation to others, until he could not tell whether he was acting or behaving naturally. In spite of a streak of exhibitionism in the writing—an exhibitionism which the author is aware of and admits in parenthetical remarks of startling honesty—there is an integrity in the telling of this strange story that is absolutely compelling. The language is sometimes pretentious, sometimes perfectly geared to the subject, sometimes ruthlessly stark. This is the writer who obviously has no realized literary tradition to draw on but has made one up for himself out of what he could find.

THE story of his life with "L," the neurotic rich girl with whom he lived first in France just before the war and then in London, whose money he spent, who went mad and tried to murder him, and whom he eventually left after her personality had quite destroyed itself, has the gripping clarity of nightmare. And the other incidents of his young manhood—drifting about from ménage to ménage living with different people, homosexual or heterosexual, with a peripatetic bohemianism that was part of his real alienation from society and part of his artist's vision of himself and of experience—are recounted with a neurotic honesty which asserts its own truth in spite of fantasy.

Philip O'Connor was a genuine "outsider," and this story of his first thirty-odd years reveals with compulsive inwardness how a sensitive and gifted character with no foot in any of those camps that most of us take for granted allowed himself to be debauched by experience through lack of any external standards to apply to it. The story is at once richly comic, strangely heroic, and hauntingly sad.

By the end of the book one is perhaps a little tired of the author's nightmare ego drifting in chaos. Nevertheless, it is hard to put down. The picture, with its trancelike clarity, of unorganized sensibility battering and being battered by experience, mostly among fools, knaves, phoneys, madmen, misfits, bohemians, and every kind of moral and artistic flotsam and jetsam, disturbs and challenges. Whether, as the blurb maintains, this is a great work of literature, is arguable. But it is certainly a most remarkable book.

"System" on the Seine

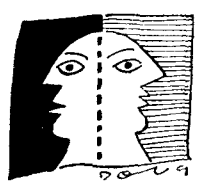
"Lost Statesman: The Strange Story of Pierre Mendès-France," by Alexander Werth *(Abelard-Schuman. 428 pp. $5), is a study of the former Premier and his controversial role in France's complex political scheme. Jerrold Lanes, our reviewer, writes frequently about French current events and literary life.*

By Jerrold Lanes

NO ONE knows more about the highways and byways of French politics than Alexander Werth, and his latest book will not disappoint those who read "France, 1940-1955." The earlier book was a massive study, but nonetheless brilliant in the detail with which it treated that long and exceedingly complex period. "Lost Statesman" is a slighter work—shorter, less rigorously organized, less significant in that its subject is Mendès-France, whereas de Gaulle had dominated the previous book. But it is still a very important chronicle, for if the "Mendès experiment" was more turbulent than that of de Gaulle and less clear, any discussion of either man is bound to touch on virtually everything of importance in postwar France. Their aim of reforming "the system" was the same, and so are the reasons—if not the circumstances—for their ultimate defeat at its hands. The two men are temperamentally similar, too: austere, entirely dedicated, altogether too gifted to be successful in politics. Werth rightly emphasizes the comparison, particularly in his analyses of the abortive Malraux plan for a "new Left" and of the hero-worship of Mauriac.

Mendès has been terribly idealized in the U.S.—and not without reason, after all—but too little known. It is illuminating to find Werth—who knows Mendès personally, and rather better than most—discussing him in perspective, and with a sense of proportion. On reflection, one is surprised, with Werth, at how little Mendès actually accomplished. He liquidated the war in Indo-China, began discussions to reform the status of Tunisia—but that was all. He pushed through the Paris agreements, but their text was a poor compromise which pleased no one; he hardly dented the vast superstructure of the various alcohol lobbies; and did rather less in the economic sphere—his specialty—than had the unassuming Pinay.

It is curious to see how, for all



Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

FACTUAL OR FICTIONAL?

Only one name in each of the following groups of four is fictional; the others represent real people. Faye Chilcote Walker of Columbus, Ohio, asks you to select the fictional character from each group. Stage or pen names are accepted as factual, not fictional, as are the names of legendary and ancient historical figures. Answers on page 30.

1. (a) Christopher Wren; (b) Christopher Bean; (c) Christopher Isherwood; (d) Christopher Pinchbeck.
2. (a) Oliver Onions; (b) Oliver Optic; (c) Oliver Twist; (d) Oliver Goldsmith.
3. (a) Hilda Doolittle; (b) Hilda Spong; (c) Hilda Vaughan; (d) Hilda Lessways.
4. (a) Martin Eden; (b) Martin Tupper; (c) Martin Luther; (d) Martin Frobisher.
5. (a) Jonathan Swift; (b) Jonathan Wild; (c) Jonathan Wainwright; (d) Jonathan Oldbuck.
6. (a) Michael Faversham; (b) Michael Faraday; (c) Michael Cudahy; (d) Michael Pupin.
7. (a) Simon Girty; (b) Simon Bolivar; (c) Simon Legree; (d) Simon Lake.
8. (a) Nancy Hale; (b) Nancy Hanks; (c) Nancy Guild; (d) Nancy Ashford.
9. (a) Thomas Pride; (b) Thomas Peacock; (c) Thomas Otway; (d) Thomas Redworth.
10. (a) Anthony Trollope; (b) Anthony Adverse; (c) Anthony Fokker; (d) Anthony Wayne.
11. (a) Sarah Tucker; (b) Sarah Cleghorn; (c) Sarah Bernhardt; (d) Sarah Siddons.
12. (a) Jean Lafitte; (b) Jean Corót; (c) Jean Ribaut; (d) Jean Valjean.

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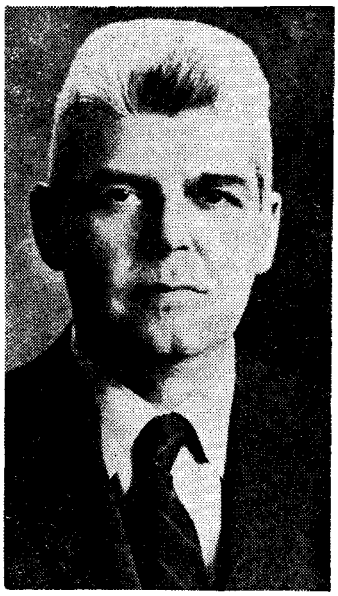
Mendès's decisiveness, his courage failed him at crucial moments: he panicked at the threat of the "empty chair," faltered in his campaign to transform the Radical Party against Martinaud-Déplat, not to say Faure, evaded the sticky question of state subsidies to church schools, and simply drifted into accepting a ministry without portfolio in the Mollet cabinet. It is no less interesting that in at least three instances, and the most crucial ones, he seems never to have followed his own thinking to its conclusion. He remained faithful to his party, whose mission has always been to reconcile opposites, do nothing yet please everybody, and act as a sort of clearing-house for the lobbies. He never committed himself frankly on the issue of a unified Europe, reversing his course completely after the defeat of EDC. And on Algeria his statements seldom went beyond the necessity to stop the drain on the treasury: the question of Algerian autonomy was never faced.

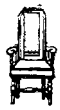
Of course, one must remember what the man was up against. Werth reminds us of it, but here one could wish for more. There is a pattern underlying the confusion of French politics, but it can be grasped only through the details—which Werth, who knows them all, has been rather chary with. For the fact is that "the news behind the news," while it is often not well known in France and, abroad, simply does not get into the papers, forms the very fabric of the history of postwar France. Werth cites one very shrewd analysis that, when Mendès fell, President Coty would try to tie his hands by calling on Faure to succeed him, since Faure was the one man Mendès would not attack; and he points up the ties linking Fascists like Dides and Tixier-Vignancour to the anti-Mendès leaders investigating the so-called "leaks" of military secrets. Shades of McCarthy—to name only one. . . . But the tidbits Werth offers are merely tantalizing. As Mendès once confided to Werth, what defeated him, in the last analysis, was not a majority on any single issue, but "the gang"—a veritable maze of overlapping vested interests, a thick impasto of selfishness, secrecy, and greed—"the system." A few days after Mendès's overthrow in February, 1955, the *mendésiste L'Express* published an unsigned exposé under the heading "The things he could not say." Unfortunately, the exposé itself did not say that much, and it seems virtually impossible to tell the story, with all the documentation it deserves, in France. All the more reason why it ought to have been presented abroad.

At the present moment Mendès is not much of a force in France; he has resumed his role as Cassandra, prophesying disaster no less lucidly than before, but to a small public. Mr. Werth concludes his book not with an appraisal of a man whose career is far from ended, but with a "North African Close-up." It cannot be summarized, and really points no moral. It sketches the situation as it is, and in all its complexity. There are other brilliant sections in the book: on the *mendésiste* "new deal," on Mendès at home in Louviers and the Eure, on the tragic mission of Grandval; but there is nothing to compare with these final pages. In fact, there is nothing to compare with them in other books on the subject, either—brilliant, vibrant, suggestive, and true.

I REMEMBER GRANDMA: Ellen Southee was born in 1819, grew up in a Kentish village near Canterbury, married a tremendously rich Russian intellectual and scholar, and for seventeen years was mistress of one of his seven estates when serfdom was the accepted way of life in Russia. For twenty-



A well-known critic, teacher, and man of letters, Carlos Baker, in this his first novel writes of a nine months' search for a new university president.



A FRIEND IN POWER

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Delmar Lipp

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four years (which included the siege and occupation during the Franco-Prussian War) she lived in Paris in reduced circumstances, and, after her husband's death, she ended her days in Rome.

In spite of this cosmopolitan life, the qualities which dominated it were those most typical of the Victorian Age. The background is set in the early part of **"A Very Far Country"** (Appleton-Century-Crofts, $4.50), in which E. M. Almedingen describes Ellen's girlhood in Bekesbourne, as far a country from today's world as one is likely to find. As written by her granddaughter, this section is particularly delightful and rich in intimate detail. Miss Almedingen conveys an unusual sense of the bonds of affection and intellect that unite and inform a small family group within a large and far-flung one. She describes the house, the garden, the countryside, the family connections and neighbors, and a religious faith that was as natural and basic and unquestioned as breathing. Here were rooted Ellen's humanist impulses, her loyalties, her strength—and her prejudices.

MISS Almedingen has gathered her material from family letters and journals and from reminiscences and traditions passed on to her by her older relations—though it is most unlikely that so many conversations could have been handed down whole as she records them. It would have been pleasant instead to have had more direct quotes from letters, particularly those of Fanny, a daughter who seems from the one sample given to have developed a sharp, not to say bitter, eye.

But, though Serge Poltoratzky, Ellen's husband, and their six children, all raised and educated in England away from their parents, are interesting, this is Ellen's biography, and they are mainly shown as their lives affect hers. For this is a book that recreates admirably the life of a very real woman, in whom a certainty about values and an unquestioning faith were the guiding principles.

—LUCY BLACK JOHNSON.

HOMECOMING: Although Emily Hahn has prominently subtitled her latest book, **"Kissing Cousins: America Through My Children's Eyes"** (Doubleday, $3), it should not be taken literally. For under the guise of reporting the reactions of her two English daughters (aged fourteen and seven) on a visit to this country in 1956, Miss Hahn has written a partial autobiography. And it probably works out best this way, for, while the two girls—Carola and Armanda—undoubtedly discovered much that was new to them in America, such as supermarkets (which they thought marvelous) and malted milks (which they thought horrible) so, too, have a great many other little English girls discovered these things. Far more interesting are Mother's memories of St. Louis, where she was born number five of six children, and Chicago, where she was brought up amid a never-ending series of family get-togethers. These had made her "want to scream with anger" and "weep with boredom." On her trip with her daughters, however, Miss Hahn found that, although her family showed the same tendency to get-together with the same cloying frequency, she no longer resented it. "I don't mean that I had become a model of sweetness and light . . . What I did feel new was freedom." This may seem like a slim point to make, but "Kissing Cousins" is a slim book (there are 167 pages) and, apart from the misunderstanding in the subtitle, makes no pretentions. Besides, as readers of the author's previous books (most notably "China to Me") will remember, Miss Hahn is neither reticent nor lacking in humor. "Kissing Cousins" is no exception.

—E. P. MONROE.

Literary Horizons

Continued from page 10

and delivering another, leaves a bad taste in the mouth.

Hans Koningsberger's **"The Affair"** (Knopf, $3.75) is a different proposition. Although he was born in Holland, Mr. Koningsberger has recently been living in the United States. The tradition in which it was written, however, is completely European. It rarely occurs to an American or a British writer to devote a novel to the portrayal of the states of mind of a person or persons in love. To Frenchmen, on the other hand, the writing of at least one such novel seems mandatory, and the tradition exists in most Continental literatures.

The reader knows what kind of novel "The Affair" is from the opening sentence: "He saw her for the first time on the late afternoon of the second of May." The "he" is Anthoni, a student exiled from his native Holland by the war. The "her" is Catherine, a young, gifted painter. The scene is Zurich in the spring of 1944. Anthoni asks her, "Do you belong to somebody?" Her negative answer is truthful, for, though she has a lover, she doesn't belong to him, nor will she ever belong to Toni.

We know as well as we know anything that the affair thus begun will come to a bad end and that in the meantime Toni will go through a series of emotional crises. Neither expectation is disappointed. The progress of the affair is subtly traced, from Toni's early doubts and dissatisfactions to his complete absorption. Mr. Koningsberger is candid without being clinical, and his love scenes have an ingenious variety. As he becomes more obsessed with his passion for Catherine, Anthoni loses his purpose in life, his determination to take part in the liberation of Europe, and since Catherine cannot belong to him, the outcome is inevitably tragic.

The question that has to be asked should be addressed not so much to Mr. Koningsberger as to the tradition in which he writes: when the end is so clearly foreseeable, is there any point in telling the story? Mr. Koningsberger would of course reply that the end isn't important; what matters is what happens along the way.

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Encyclopedia

Continued from page 11

the index and keeps it accurate, the author tells about the green compilers who allegedly listed "Virginia Reel" under Biography, "Defense Mechanism" under Military, "Gallstones" under Geology, "Incest" under Business, and "Pope Innocent" under Law.

Mr. Kogan also relates the stories of other EB enterprises, both failures and successes: the Britannica Junior, the EB "Book of the Year," the educational films organization, the fifty-four-volume "Great Books of the Western World," and Library Research Service, which has answered questions from EB owners who urgently needed details on the Tibetan Concept of Morality, the Designing of Skiving Tools, the Marketing of Dehydrated Alfalfa, the Psychoanalytical Interpretation of the Works of Dostoevsky and Shakespeare, and how to inhibit the growth of mold on the Encyclopaedia Britannica. Less prompt were the replies to the student who wrote: "I want to ask you the Constitutional Convention of what year was composed of how many men appointed by the legislatures of what several states," and to the parent who requested information on "the cause and cure of child psychology."

In case you contemplate reading a set of the Britannica straight through —and there are goofier avocations— the time record, set by a retired minister, is three years. The Buffalo chemist who took twenty-two years is clearly a candidate for the reading clinic.

MUSIC AND RELIGION: The reference book reaches a high point of décor in **"The Concise Encyclopedia of Music and Musicians,"** edited by Martin Cooper, and **"The Saints: A Concise Biographical Dictionary,"** edited by John Coulson (Hawthorn Books, $12.95 each). Each book has sixteen full-page, full-color reproductions and 160 pages of black-and-white illustrations, plus decorative endpapers and full-color bled jacket. The plates are well selected and the captions have been conscientiously prepared, identifying painter or engraver where either is known, and assigning locations. The 7″ x 9½″ pages, set in double column, are attractive and easy to read. Alphabetized running heads would have been a convenience; the title of the book provides the running head in "Music," and "Saints" has none at all. The music volume is not a replacement for Grove, and is not intended to be. It is aimed at the "average music lover," according to Mr.

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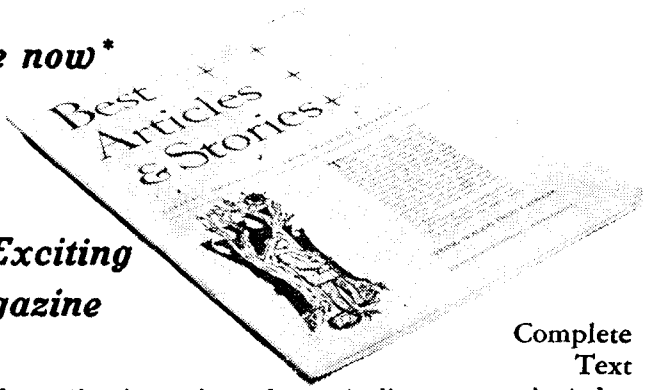

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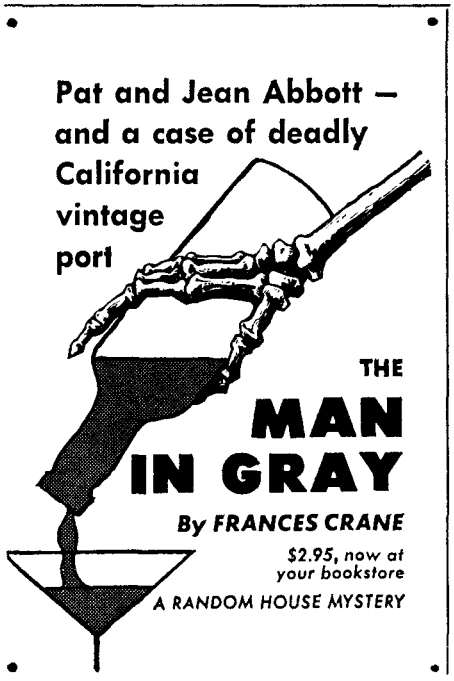
Cooper, who has been assisted by eighteen contributors, all of whom are listed on the title-page. The text is sufficiently up to date to record the death of Eric Coates. This manual will be useful for verification rather than for consultation; its goal is breadth rather than depth, and it attains the limited objectives which Mr. Cooper has set for it. "The Saints" is much the larger book textually (well over 300,000 words as against 200,000 for "Music"). Its contributors are too numerous for title-page citation (there are fifty-nine of them), but they are named on the first contents page. A total of 2,223 individuals are covered in the text, some in three lines, some in two pages. Full advantage has been taken of the vast illustrative potential, which covers every process and period since the dawn of Christianity, and if "Saints" is richer pictorially than "Music," the comparison need not be invidious. A calendar of feast days follows the main text. These two impressive and attractive volumes are as well adapted to the table as to the shelf, and their acceptability as gift books is obvious.

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.



Rodell

Continued from page 15

fabricated evidence, in the form of Chambers's preposterous "pumpkin papers" and especially the telltale trial typewriter—telltale in that there can no longer be any credible question but that (1) it was *not* the typewriter formerly owned by the Hisses, (2) its type-faces had been deliberately altered to match the type characters on the "pumpkin papers," and (3) the FBI not only had helped Chambers achieve this deception—or at the very least had known of it and winked at it—but later stymied lawyer Lane's herculean efforts to bring proof of this skulduggery into court. Listen to Lane in his motion for a new trial for Hiss (who, by this time, was in prison):

> We search for records—the FBI has them. We ask questions—the FBI will not let people talk to us. . . . We pay experts to give us opinions—and they decline to back them up in court. . . . And, even worse, honorable and patriotic citizens who have wanted to help have been deterred by the appearance—whether or not it is reality—of official surveillance and wire-tapping, and others who have labored to gather information for us in the interests of justice are afraid to come forward for fear of personal consequences. . . .

As reporter Cook comments: "This is probably as close as any attorney has ever come in court to accusing the FBI of Gestapo-like methods. . . ."

Further: "One of the most curious aspects of the typewriter mystery is the thread of feverish FBI action that runs through it, and the repeated assertion from a variety of sources that the FBI actually had been successful in finding the Hiss machine." Be it remembered here—for it is vital—that if the FBI did find the Hiss machine, they either hid it or destroyed it. The typewriter that figured so prominently in the trial was found and produced in court by the defense under the impression, obviously innocent, that it was the old Hiss machine and would *not* match the typing on the "pumpkin papers"—although Lane and Cook (and I) are now convinced that the trial typewriter was a fabricated fake, planted where it would likely be found, and was found.

There is more, much more. There is Richard Nixon, listening in Congressional Committee to three completely conflicting stories from Chambers about the alleged collection of Communist Party dues from Hiss—and not protesting or cross-examining. There is Judge Goddard, who presided at the convicting trial (and later summarily denied the motion for another trial), letting prosecutor Murphy get away with jury-prejudicing manipulations of evidence so tricky and contradictory that they bordered on the unethical. There is typewriter-engineer Martin Tytell—whom Lane hired to build a fake machine that would imitate the typing on the "pumpkin papers," just to show it could be done—telling how, when he found a shop in Newark stocked with some of the old Woodstock type-faces he was looking for, he was informed that the FBI had been there some time before, looking for the same thing. Why?

HOW anyone can read without a strong sense of outrage reporter Cook's brilliant and breathtaking exposé of the flaws and the funny-business that characterized the whole Hiss prosecution, from Congressional Committee to court conviction—and after—I cannot conceive. Much of the most damaging material had been printed before in Lane's new-trial motion, but it was there written in such lawyerlike form and language that it went largely unnoticed and unread. Much of it was dug up in detective-story fashion by Lane—who may yet be hailed as the hero of the Hiss case—after jail-bound Hiss had protested that he was a victim of "forgery by typewriter," a charge that sounded absurd until Lane laboriously proved both its feasibility and its probability. But it was left for reporter Cook to wrap it all up in one book.

There is an old-fashioned virtue sometimes called decency or, in John Lord O'Brian's favorite phrase, fair play, which most Americans expect from even their "hungry" public officials, despite occasional deep-freezes and mink coats and "loans" to members of the FCC from applicants for TV channels. Congressman Nixon, who first led the wolf pack at Hiss's heels, may now be Vice President Nixon—and prosecutor Murphy may now, as a reward, be Judge Murphy—but a smell of indecency, of unfair play, about the U. S. Government's whole handling of the Hiss case simply will not out. As reporter Cook concludes his book, "If Alger Hiss is innocent, his conviction—a verdict that triggered the Republican battle-cry of 'Twenty Years of Treason' and that slimy twin, the 'Truman-Acheson-ADA Conspiracy'—stands exposed as the most callous outrage ever perpetrated for base political advantage in America. . . . And while

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that issue remains, conscience cannot rest."

How, then, might the Hiss case be reopened and re-examined, now that Hiss has served his sentence? How settle the restless consciences of those who still doubt and wonder? Hiss might, of course, be granted a Presidential pardon, but a pardon is not an exculpation; it simply says, in effect: "Maybe we were wrong to convict you. Now you may vote and travel abroad and hold public office again." Technically, there are at least two kinds of law suit that Hiss could still bring—both of them rather farfetched, flimsy, and almost surely futile. One is a petition for what lawyers call a "declaratory judgment"—to have his civil rights, such as the right to vote, restored; the other is a suit under the Civil Rights Act to collect damages from those who helped frame him. I daresay neither would have a Mao Chinaman's chance of success.

Yet the very same Government body that started the prosecution of Hiss rolling could easily act again—if it should choose. The Congress of the United States, on the basis of attorney Lane's and reporter Cook's detailed and devastating charges, could initiate an investigation which would throw the Hiss case wide open once more, and which could reach all the way from those 263 FBI agents and the orders given them (by whom?) right up to the present Vice President of the United States. Or has our Government leaders' sense of fair play sunk so low that they prefer the hush-up to the clean-up, decorum to decency?

I'm afraid the sorry answer is Yes. And I am not quite so naïve as to suppose that the current Congress or any foreseeable Congress of the near future will undertake a new investigation of the Hiss case, with all its explosive possibilities. (Better let framed dogs lie—and get on with Congressional campaigns and other really important business.) Nor am I any Emile Zola, but I too *accuse:*

Basing my charge on the Lane revelations, the Cook analysis, and my own reading of everything that has been written to date to try to counter Lane and Cook (including the Government's reply to Lane's new-trial motion), I accuse the participating U. S. Government officials of knowingly helping to convict Alger Hiss largely on false, trumped-up, and deliberately distorted evidence—and of knowingly blocking subsequent defense efforts to prove in court that that evidence was false. If this be treason, Messrs. Nixon, Hoover, *et al.,* no statute of limitations has run against me. Make the most of it.

Lasky

Continued from page 17

Chambers. Cook argues that the documents were trivial and if Hiss had been a real spy he ought to have done better. But Cook does not inform his readers that former Undersecretary of State Sumner Welles had testified that the release in 1938 of the so-called "pumpkin papers" to unauthorized persons was "in the highest degree dangerous to the nation's interest." Even now, Welles declared ten years later, some of the documents were too confidential to be released. But, Welles added, in 1938 the documents, in the hands of a foreign power, could well have provided the means of breaking down our most secret codes.

Cook displays wide-eyed innocence concerning the significance of a memo in Hiss's handwriting summarizing a classified cable from the U.S. Embassy in Moscow dealing with an American girl and her Russian husband held incommunicado by the Russians. The Hiss summary said our Embassy was aware the two were Soviet agents. Since known agents are useless to the Soviet spy center—and since the purges were then raging in Moscow—is it any wonder the couple was never heard from again?

ONE of Cook's techniques of persuasion is to argue that Hiss is accused of clumsy blunders in espionage impossible in a man of his superior intelligence. For example, Mr. Cook thinks it incredible the Hisses typed copies of stolen dispatches instead of photographing them. The answer, of course, is that the Soviet spy ring did eventually set up a photographic operation; and when this fact was uncovered it proved telling evidence against the spy ring.

Another example of the Cook technique: he argues that a man of Hiss's intelligence would have destroyed the Bokhara rug he supposedly received "as a gift from the Communist Party." This is a typical distortion of the evidence. Chambers had testified the rug was a gift from Soviet Military Intelligence. For Hiss to have destroyed it, after potential witnesses had seen it, could easily have looked in court like a confession of guilt. With all his irrelevant commentary about the rug, Cook never answers the simple question: Why didn't Hiss produce it at the trial? Perhaps Hiss did not do so because it easily could have been identified as one of the four Soviet rugs Chambers gave to members of his spy ring.

What Cook forgets is that all the

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by Herman Kogan

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Government had to prove was that Alger Hiss had been a spy. The Government did not need to prove he had been a perfect spy.

Curiously, this work of special pleading, tricky selection, and suppression of evidence has no unkind words to say about those members of the Communist conspiracy who continue to betray their country. On the other hand, Cook makes former Communists who testified against Hiss appear in the worse possible light.

TAKE his handling of Nathaniel Weyl. Weyl, a writer, testified in 1952 he had known Hiss as a fellow member of the Harold Ware Communist cell in the nation's Capital back in 1933. His testimony confirmed the Chambers story in an essential matter and knocked the Hiss claims for a loop. So Cook proceeds to do a hatchet job on Weyl. He makes much of the fact Weyl had failed to come forward with his story until 1952. Yet the reason Weyl gave for his delay—that only the outbreak of the Korean war made him decide it was necessary to tell his story—was the same as that given by Lee Pressman, in disclosing his own former Communist membership. But Cook accepts the Pressman story, obviously because that story favors Hiss.

Cook pretends that Weyl was never asked why he didn't testify in 1948, when Congress first took a good look at Hiss. But Weyl had been asked and he had answered fully under oath. And Cook ignors Weyl's statement that at the time of the Hiss trials he felt under no obligation to step forward because he knew nothing of either Hiss's or Chambers's activities.

Cook is quick to smear other ex-Communists including Chambers and Hede Massing, but when he gets involved in the technicalities of the "forgery by typewriter" fairy tale, he leans heavily on a certain Martin Tytell, conveying the impression that the self-styled typewriter expert is an objective and unbiased technician.

Cook ignores Tytell's left-wing background (his enrollment in the Red-controlled American Labor Party, for one thing); and the fact that the noted journalist Isaac Don Levine publicly charged him with perpetrating a hoax and committing perjury in connection with another matter.

The "forgery by typewriter" bit was first mentioned by Hiss in open court following his sentencing on January 25, 1950. And as Cook rightfully points out, "this was a new charge, made belatedly after two marathon trials." Hiss had originally contended that Chambers in 1938 had somehow managed to sneak into his house and type copies of State Department documents he mysteriously managed to obtain on the Hiss Woodstock. But, in his 1952 motion for a new trial, Hiss dropped this absurd contention and adopted a new theory: namely, that sometime in 1948, Chambers—and/or his confederates—had manufactured a model of the Hiss Woodstock and had done the copying on that model!

And, even more incredibly, Cook suggests that "the defense had been deliberately booby-trapped" presumably by the FBI, into "discovering" the phony Woodstock. But Cook fails to explain just why it was essential for the "Government investigators" to go to such great pains to manufacture the model when the original could have been repaired; and then arrange for the model's discovery.

THE truth is the Government did not need any typewriter—phony or otherwise—to prove the Hisses had typed the copied State Department documents. Without any help from the Hisses, the FBI had dug up samples of their old correspondence which, the Hiss defense readily conceded, had been typed on the same machine on which the disputed documents had been copied.

One could go on and on, demonstrating the limitless absurdities on which Cook bases his case for the defense. But obviously the "unfinished" Hiss story will never be "finished" to the satisfaction of certain people unwilling to face realities.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 779

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 779 will be found in the next issue.

CA VCFV CFW UL

PLLEW, DUFJAW, ULK

GABBFKW MU CMW

PFRMEI YFW GABLV GI

F PEFWC LP

EMBCVUMUB.

—VCLRFW PXEEAK.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 778

When a thing is not worth overdoing, leave it alone.

—HENRY S. HASKINS.

Kinsey

Continued from page 13

of *SR*, I am equally certain, will be—as he will be by this interesting and austerely written work as a whole.

Anxiety Distortion

By George Devereux, *Anthropologist and Research Psychoanalyst*

LIKE its two forerunners, the present Report conscientiously records and tabulates data whose real nature is, unfortunately, sometimes misunderstood. Thus, the belief of many women that abortion left no psychic scars is a bona fide *cultural* fact; it is *not* a valid *psychiatric diagnosis*, though the Report treats it as such. The Report also accepts the *sincerity* of a factual statement as proof of its *accuracy*, even though both the *degree* of accuracy of any given respondent's statement and the *ratio* between the accurate and inaccurate statements made by a population of respondents varies according to the degree of anxiety which the actual fact elicits. Research techniques for the proper processing of such anxiety-distorted responses, which would enable one to get at the actual facts, could be devised, but would force the researcher to take cognizance of the respondents' anxieties, which would, in turn, arouse his own anxieties. This may explain why such processing techniques have not yet been developed.

Methodically, the Kinsey group evolved a research design suitable for the gathering and processing of quantifiable data pertaining to a simplified conceptual model of man.

The use of such models is legitimate, as long as one realizes that their use imposes definitive limitations on the scope and nature of one's conclusions.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

1. (b) "The Late Christopher Bean" (Sidney Howard). 2. (c) "Oliver Twist" (Dickens). 3. (d) "Hilda Lessways" (Arnold Bennett). 4. (a) "Martin Eden" (Jack London). 5. (d) "The Antiquary" (Scott). 6. (a) "Michael and His Lost Angel" (Henry Arthur Jones). 7. (c) "Uncle Tom's Cabin" (Harriet Beecher Stowe). 8. (d) "The Magnificent Obsession" (Lloyd C. Douglas). 9. (d) "Diana of the Crossways" (George Meredith). 10. (b) "Anthony Adverse" (Hervey Allen). 11. (a) "Esther Waters" (George Moore). 12. (d) "Les Misérables" (Victor Hugo).

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Rogues' Gallery

Continued from page 9

audacious do-gooder who sacrificed his life for the welfare of the pauperized masses. For in forcing vital reforms on the oligarchy, Gracchus impatiently violated many of the ancient safeguards of the Roman constitution, and these unfortunate precedents were exploited by the dictators of the next century to put an end to republican government altogether.

THE EARL HAIG: In 1915 Sir Douglas Haig was posted Commander-in-Chief of the British forces in France. He was in charge of the largest army England had ever sent overseas: But what to do with it? Without the flanking potentials of tanks and planes, the machine-gun had turned frontal attacks into hideous, profitless holocausts. But Haig averted his eyes and obeyed the conventions. Result: the "Passchendaele campaign" of 1917, called the "Haig offensive," in which tens of thousands of men walked straight into bullets without gaining a solitary inch of ground, a stupendous failure of military imagination. Here was a so-called "expert" brain, unwilling or unable to face the new facts which were uselessly burning up so many young lives. Haig, of course, was created earl.

HEGEL: It's hard to know whether a bad philosopher can create villainy or only mirror it. But certainly Hegel's unintelligible theories of the "world-spirit" of history, most fully realized in the "Germanic" period (Hegel's own), and more particularly in the Kingdom of Prussia, were heady stuff for the most politically irresponsible and intellectually suggestible population in Europe. Whether Hegel really believed in his doctrines, or sold out to protect his academic position in Berlin, is a matter of controversy between scholars, but there's no doubt that when they got around to the politicians they were applied in ways which would have revolted even the Master.

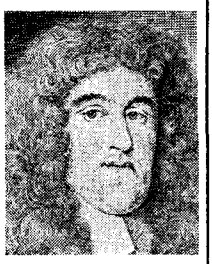
HEROD: Herod the Great tried to steer the fortunes of his tiny state between the Scylla of the all-powerful Roman Empire and the Charybdis of his own super-religious population. Though he got small thanks for his achievements from the Sanhedrin, he was fairly successful politically. His family life was a mess; ultimately, he executed three of his sons for treason. A fourth son, Herod Antipas, is the "King Herod" of the New Testament and the enemy of John the Baptist.

HIERONYMOUS OF SALZBURG: Archbishop Hieronymous made the mistakes of being insensitive to music, of treating his court-musicians like flunkeys, of protesting when they tried to make money by concertizing elsewhere, of paying them miserably inadequate salaries. One of these men, the most talented of them, resigned twice under this treatment, after the last time going off to Vienna to try his hand as a free-lance. Mozart's work prospered, but he never was out of financial difficulties from that day until exhaustion and disease ended his pitifully brief existence.

HIMMLER: This horrible lunatic, who even at the end of the war was issuing orders for the collection, preservation, and shipping of the heads of "Jewish-Bolshevik commissars" for his private skull-museum, and who superintended the whole fantastic campaign of Jewish and Slavic extermination, posed a riddle to his "co-workers" as well as his victims. The disgust he inspired in decent people never penetrated his hide. Before he killed himself he tried to make a separate peace with the victorious Allies.

HITLER: Austria's mad housepainter is still too much with us for dispassionate analysis. There is no questioning his extraordinary intuitive gifts—if such they can be called; he proved them time and again on the diplomats of Europe and his own general staff. However, they were based on an unstable temperament which progressively shook apart as his troubles piled up. Another side of his character, of course, were the unprecedented number and uncontrollable nature of his personal prejudices. As he possessed the absolute power to give full rein to every last quirk, Hitler takes his place as one of the few perfectly black monsters of history.

Pizarro.



Oates.

KEATE: Headmaster of Eton School for about thirty years, John Keate was notorious even in a hardbitten age for his curious ideas of how boys should be raised. The birch was ever in his hand; he once publicly flogged eighty boys in a single day.

KREUGER: An October 1929 *Saturday Evening Post* carried an article on Ivar Kreuger which read, in part: "Kreuger is an engineer. He has consistently applied engineering precision to the welding of his far-flung industry . . . Kreuger rules through pure reason." That same month Kreuger made *Time* Magazine's cover. Also that same month the Crash crashed, and in the aftermath the Kreuger empire entirely disintegrated. But it had never really existed; it was an incredible fraud, which had battened on millions of gullible, helpless victims all over the world. In March 1932 Kreuger shot himself in Paris, a man whose love of money did not even, in the end, win him money.

LIVIA DRUSILLA: Among other peculiarities, the Julian-Claudian house was characterized by extraordinarily savage inter-family competitiveness —taking the form of mass-poisonings, stabbings, and smotherings. At least one commentator blames this trait on Livia Drusilla, Augustus's wife. In any case, the number of fatalities among grandsons, nephews, and other relations of Augustus who stood between Tiberius, Livia's son by an earlier marriage, and the throne was suggestively high—even for pre-penicillin days.

LOUIS XIV: The Grand Cham of Versailles—moving like an animated taboo through the inhuman ceremonials of his court of mendicants and rakes—disrupted the peace of Europe for fifty years in behalf of his overblown ego until, at last, a mighty coalition brought him to his knees and gave him a chance to show the stubborn grandeur in his make-up. Louis's last stand won him back some of his *gloire*, but an overburdened France made his descendants pay for it seventy years later.

ROBERT MALTHUS: On the death at sixty-eight of the first English professor of "political economy" the obituary-writer noted that this kindly Anglican rector was "never ruffled, *never* angry." Yet this is the man who had penned at the age of thirty-two, in his famous "Essay on the Principle of Population," such lines as, "A man who is born . . . has no claim of *right* to the smallest portion of food." This is the man who recommended that housing should always be expensive, otherwise couples would marry too young and beget too many babies. He was one of the principal fathers of "liberal" economics, the dismal science which preached that society is

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but an iron jungle, where the bananas must go to the longest claws, and where only more misery results from meddling in the "immutable" laws of supply and demand.

AUGUSTE MERCIER: The French Minister of War learned soon after the commencement of the Dreyfus Affair that no real evidence against the accused man existed. But Mercier didn't want to admit publicly that documents had been stolen from the General Staff until he had a culprit ready to hand, so he steamrollered through a secret, illegal conviction of the Jewish captain. As the long years passed the Minister refused to retreat from this crime, padding out his testimonies with more lies and forgeries, explaining that only he defended the honor of the Army (an honor which, after the defeat at Sedan, the surrender of Metz, and the Boulanger crisis, hardly needed this final stain). Mercier stands for all self-important bureaucrats to whom the institution —right or wrong—means more than the individual.

MONTESPAN: Montespan is only a specimen—and perhaps not even the worst—of French aristocrats who designed their own destruction by spurning all reason in the pursuit of pleasure. As Louis XIV's mistress, the Marquise was able to waste more money than anyone else, and bankrupt more dependent tradespeople than anyone else. After Louis had lost his taste for her, she played a part in the century's seamiest scandal, the "Poison Case," when it was suspected that not only did she personally engage regularly in Black Masses, but that she may have attempted to poison the Sun-King himself.

NAPOLEON I: A good case can be made for deeming Napoleon a hero—and so he was deemed by citizens, like Heine, of countries which had long languished under the feudal regimes he swept off the board. But in 1804 Napoleon ceased being the Apostle of Revolution to become the slave of his own triumphant pride. When he finally fell into the traps of his enemies he carried poor France down with him. A man of incomparable intellectual powers—and a wonderful wit—Napoleon should have been a much better human being than he was.

TITUS OATES: A scoundrel from beginning to end of his wretched life, Oates started with banishment from the Navy and died in the shadow of accusations of thievery. Once a Catholic novice, he turned against the Roman Church, fabricating wild tales of plots and murder-clubs which excited Restoration England to a panic of anti-popery. Charles II never credited the stories, but there was just enough genuine pro-Catholic agitation that the people at large and the House of Commons swallowed Oates's whole lie. Result: a fierce, disgraceful anti-Catholic persecution. Many times Oates's frauds were exposed, but nothing ever shamed or daunted him. He was even physically prodigious, surviving several floggings that were designed to finish him off.

OMAR: The Islamic explosion of the seventh-century was the most stunning surprise in history. Halted at the pin of Constantinople, the tide swept across North Africa and up into Spain, forever destroying, as Pirenne has pointed out, the classic unity of the Mediterranean world. No more capable commander ever lived than the second Caliph, Omar, whose military skill was matched by his fanaticism. It is he who is charged with burning the fabulous Alexandrian library, with the words that the Koran was book enough for him.

Hitler.

Charles I.

PETAIN: The decrepit marshal had played an equivocal role long before he took over the chieftaincy of defeated France. In the First World War he nearly wrecked a campaign by pulling back from the British on his flank; in the interwar period he was the most stubborn of the "continuous front" advocates; when France fell, and he was called into the ministry at the huge age of eighty-four, he was the most defeatist, paralyzed, and petty-minded member, effectively scouting the hope of fighting on from Africa. Although it grew increasingly harder for Petain to keep awake during the Vichy years, he certainly must bear some responsibility for the mass-deportations and other humiliations Germany imposed on his betrayed and suffering country. He was a stupid, weak old man who should have stayed in retirement, but who permitted senile vanity to make an octogenarian villain of him.

PILATE: Anatole France was not the first nor the last to speculate on whether this Roman official, about whom almost nothing is known, but who presumably was a garden-variety specimen of his breed, ever grew conscious of the colossal events in which he so casually and ignobly participated. At the crucial moment in his life Pilate elected to serve his comfort rather than his honor, and as a result his name lives in eternal infamy.

PHILIP II: One of the most enigmatic and unattractive of men, a prodigious worker and a gloomy bigot, Philip's greatest crimes were against—not England—but his own people. In reaching for world supremacy he exhausted his country, but the feebler Spain grew the harder he pushed her. At his death he had bankrupted what had been the richest state in Europe and initiated her long, tragic decay into pauperdom.

PIZARRO: Most remarkable of the conquistadors, Pizarro landed 180 men and twenty-seven horses from three ships on the sun-baked coast of Ecuador, marched them up into the mountains, and extinguished the huge Empire of the Incas as if it were an anthill. He and his men tortured and murdered the Indians *en masse* the better to enslave them and rob them of their possessions, and killed thousands more by infecting them with alien diseases. Pizarro died, unrepentant, at the hands of his own men.

SEAMAN Y: Although medical historians are not entirely agreed, syphilis probably was imported into Spain by Columbus's sailors returning from the New World, whence it was carried to Italy. No one wants the credit: the Italians call it the "French pox," and the French call it the "Neapolitan sickness." The disease is bad enough if you've earned it, but its most terrible effects—until men learned how to cope with it a few years ago—were wrought on children who inherited the infection and therefore never had a chance for normal lives.

STALIN: Somehow, this strange and brutal reincarnation of a tribal despot acquired the skill to keep his foot on the neck of a modern state—and, what's more, in the name of a philosophy. Stalin's own co-workers and admirers have given witness to the dimensions of his personal crimes, but he achieved nearly all his po-

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litical objectives and—so far as we know—died naturally in his Kremlin bed.

TOJO: After the Meiji Restoration, the Japanese modeled a constitution on those of the West, but they added a few gimmicks which invited catastrophe. In particular, there were the conventions that no government could exist without a War Minister, and that no War Minister could serve who was not himself an officer on the active list and approved by the General Staff; the arrangement put virtually total policy-control into the hands of the military. A long line of Japanese militarists plied this trick pitilessly in forcing their wills on the weak and divided Japanese liberals. Of these, Tojo was only the last, but the responsibility is his, of course, for continuing the Pacific War long after it clearly had been lost.

TORQUEMADA: The incredible, long episode of the Inquisition starts a thrill of disgust down any Christian's spine. For here was the spectacle of consecrated priests of Jesus Christ, Prince of Peace, maiming and burning their fellow-humans (in at least one region, Provence, exterminating an entire population), in total contradiction to His teachings. For centuries, even the finest European universities supported St. Thomas's reasoning that, as heresy was the gravest of sins, no punishment was too severe for heretics. Nothing can be said for men like Torquemada, who ran the Spanish Inquisition for eighteen years and may have executed 10,000 people, except that they are sincere. Sincerity is not enough—not when lives are at stake.

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Leave writing plays, and choose for thy command
Some peaceful province in Acrostic land.
There thou may'st wings display and altars raise,
And torture one poor word ten thousand ways.

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(Continued on page 34)

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(Continued from page 33)

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ARTUR SCHNABEL Plays
Schubert Piano Sonata in B-flat • Allegretto in C minor

In 1939, Schnabel had for music lovers no peer as "Beethoven's high priest". Yet, to many it seemed as if it was Schubert on whom he lavished his tenderest affection. Olin Downes described Schnabel's playing as having "perfect proportion, depth of thought, and genuineness of feeling". Angel COLH-33

SERGE PROKOFIEV • Composer-Pianist
Prokofiev Piano Concerto #3 in C major
(with London Symphony, Piero Coppola, Conductor)
and 18 short selections for piano solo

In 1932-35 audiences still knew Prokofiev both as a composer and as an excellent concert pianist. This disc, on which he plays his own compositions, has, therefore, an extra degree of authenticity.
Angel COLH-34

FEODOR CHALIAPIN • Basso
Excerpts from *Boris Godounov*, Arias from *Russlan and Ludmilla, Roussalka, Prince Igor, Sadko*

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CLAUDIA MUZIO • Soprano
Italian Opera Arias from *Sonnambula, Norma, Trovatore, Traviata, Forza del Destino, Mefistofele, Cavalleria Rusticana, Boheme, Tosca, Adriana Lecouvreur, L'Arlesiana*

Included on this disc of 1934-35 recordings are two arias (Traviata & Mefistofele) that every vocal record collector puts at the top of a list of all-time greats. An Anna Magnani of opera, Muzio was cast more frequently than any other diva at the Met as Caruso's leading lady between 1916 and 1921.
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SR/ RECORDINGS SECTION

MAY 31, 1958

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TEN YEARS OF THE MUSIC TENTS

St. John Terrell's Lambertville (New Jersey) music circus.

By DAVID DACHS

EIGHT weeks before he put up the country's first musical tent at Lambertville, New Jersey, St. John Terrell found out that his backers, representing $50,000 in pledges, had walked out on him and his slightly off-beat venture. "I was ready for the gas pipe," he says.

"I remember going to a rehearsal in New York, and the singers and dancers were rehearsing, and all of them were enthusiastic. And I said to myself, 'How am I going to pay all these people? At the end of the week, they'll expect money'."

However, such difficulties couldn't stop "Sinjun" Terrell, former carnival flame-eater, World War II navigator, and one-time juvenile star of radio's "Jack Armstrong, The All-American Boy." He somehow staved off his creditors, placated the cast, and ignored the eye-brow raising of the Broadway wise-guys.

With the aid of that indomitable "Jack Armstrong spirit," Swiss bell-ringers, fireworks, celebrities, searchlights, he opened the Lambertville Music Circus on a hilltop on July 2, 1949 with "The Merry Widow."

The people came, saw and were charmed. They bought tickets in circus wagons that served as ticket booths, and then watched a fine musical production in a rare setting—in a tent, in the round.

This weekend (May 31) the candy-striped music tent (now a segment of the multimillion dollar summer show business dispersed through the country) celebrates its tenth season of lusty growth. It is a happy and historical milestone. Originally, Sardi's avant garde thought the "novelty" of the tents would "wear off" after awhile. Today, theatre under the canvas sky is bigger, more polished, more professional than ever.

While Broadway keeps shrinking, the summertime tent musicals keep expanding. Theatrical Toynbees point out it is the only form of theatre showing growth. In 1949, there was only one—the Lambertville Music Circus. In 1958, there will be twenty-seven canvas tops putting on the best of Broadway musical theatre, from Cape Cod (Cape Cod Melody Tent, Hyannis) to Sacramento (Sacramento Music Circus).

The lure of musicals under the big top is unmistakable. Thirteen million Americans have already thronged to see hit musicals for a box-office take of $25,000,000.

This year, a record-breaking 3,000,000 Americans are expected to make the pilgrimage to see song and dance shows out of the high rent districts. To many of them, going to a tent musical is far more pleasurable than going to Broadway, which to thousands is a geographical impossibility.

First, they'll all be sitting in the "orchestra," for in a tent theatre no seat is farther than the fifteenth or sixteenth row. Also, they'll be able to hear the lyrics, not every fourth line. The pretty girls will be visible to the male eye. Also, the tent theatre-patrons won't have to dress up. Just come in slacks, sports clothes, or in the more sophisticated areas, Bermuda shorts. And what is particularly attractive are the prices. A family of three can see a good show with a fine cast for the price of one orchestra seat to "Oh Captain" ($9.20).

Many musical comedy personalities

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are equally fond of canvas top theatre. David Burns, the perpetually indignant mayor in "The Music Man," a veteran of tent musicals, says: "The tent is a living thing. You can feel the people. During intermission, you can stroll outside, enjoy coke or ice cream. And besides, where else can you hear applause coming from four sides?"

The tent movement now covers New England, the Middle Atlantic States, the Midwest, the South, the Southwest, and the Far West. This year, seven more will be added to the summertime enjoyment of millions. They include: Casa Manana, Fort Worth, Texas; Carousel Theatre in Phoenix, Arizona; The Storrowoton Theatre, West Springfield, Mass.; Carousel Theatre, Framingham, Mass.; The Colonie Musical Theatre, outside of Albany, N.Y.; and The Melody Fair, Toronto, Canada.

THE tents follow pretty much a pretested formula: nothing but musical hits, with a sprinkling of dramatic shows. The most heavily booked attractions on the 1958 schedule are as follows: "Most Happy Fella" (newly released for stock), "Silk Stockings," "Happy Hunting" (new in most locations), "Fanny," "Can Can," "Damn Yankees." "Showboat" is also being heavily scheduled, as is a touring "Porgy and Bess." Most of the tents will also do two straight comedies, "Auntie Mame" (the national road company) and "No Time For Sergeants." The Cleveland Musicarnival will offer "La Boheme" in English and the Finger Lakes Lyric Circus, near Syracuse, N.Y. will produce an English version of "Carmen." Mozart and other musical masters will be done in a canvas setting at the Aspen (Colo.) Music Festival.

To put on slick professional productions in the neo-Ringling playhouses requires a backstage army. The weekly payroll alone for an average tent is about $15,000. The tents can gross between $20,000-$23,000. Each tent employs between seventy and seventy-five people. Throughout a given season, an estimated 5,000 persons are employed by the music tents, with a take-home pay of $3-$4,000,000. The music tents are bespangled big business, and getting bigger.

The boom in the music circuses resulted in a shortage of trained theatrical administrators who know their way around a bank statement. So MATA (Musical Arena Theatres Assocation), the steering committee of most of the U.S. tents, recently ran a school for "Music Tent Personnel." It had sixty-two students with a curriculum covering box-office methods, royalty negotiations, community relations, etc. One of the "students" flew in from Chicago to attend the weekend classes in New York. On graduation day, the Theatre Guild's Lawrence Langner made the commemorating speech.

To pioneer Terrell, the rise of the music tents has sociological as well as greasepaint implications. Echoing Frank Lloyd Wright's theory of big city obsolescence, he says, "The big reason for our popularity is accessibility. The legitimate theatres are located in obsolete structures, in obsolete towns. They no longer provide easy access. People don't want to go into the center of town. They want to get out of the snarl, not into it."

Then there are the bargain prices. "For as little as ninety cents," says Terrell, "you can see the same casts, practically, that are on Broadway in good shows. For example, these people now in 'The Music Man' were in Lambertville last year, David Burns, Iggie Wolfington, Helen Raymond."

The canvas tops have prospered, too, according to Terrell, because "musical plays have a greater appeal than straight plays." And finally he says, "Arena in the round gives the theatre-goer a new experience."

Hundreds of hotels, motels, restaurants, hamburger stands, garages have struck gold by the accident of proximity. When you get 10,000-23,000 people weekly with desires for pre-and-after theatre food and drink, you've a lot of needs to fill. As a result, many restaurants cheerfully trumpet this legend: "near the music circus", "across the street from the music circus." Also, it's worth noting that many road maps (Esso, for example) spotlight the location of the music tents as a "point of interest."

THOUSANDS have gotten their first greasepaint baptism with song and dance shows under the big top. They include insurance men and civil service employees in New Jersey (Neptune Music Circus), industrial workers in Chicago (Highland Park Music Theatre), auto workers in Detroit (Detroit Melody Circus), housewives on the West Coast (Sacramento Music Circus). Since the tents first drove pegs in the ground, teen-agers everywhere have made seeing a tent musical a popular "date night."

"The tents have also helped create a new audience, between six and eleven," says Steve Slane, producer of the North Shore Music Circus, at Beverly, Mass., twenty miles from Boston. "Most of these youngsters wouldn't see a live musical for years because of a) distance from Broadway and b) ticket prices. Through our matinees, youngsters get acquainted with live theatre, at modest prices."

Slane attracts thousands of New England teen-agers with his matinees, which are held on Saturday at 5:30 p.m. The tents have started these dusk-type matinees at 5:30 (or 6 p.m.) to keep step with summertime leisure patterns, and to beat the heat.

"People want to swim, sit in the sun in the afternoon. So with a late mati-

(*Continued on page* 56)

"Finian's Rainbow" on Cape Cod (1956): left, Ellen Hanley as Sharon; right, James Eiler as Leprechaun.

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—*Sovfoto.*

The hands of Prokofiev—"inherent expressivity . . . rhythmic firmness."

Behind the Ivory Curtain

By ABRAM CHASINS

OUR age is the most fortunate of all in the ability to capture, preserve, and continue milestones in interpretative history. They are a priceless heritage, especially for the performer. They need not be, indeed cannot be, imitated. But they provide stylistic authenticity, chart the boundaries of our individual freedoms, and furnish incontestable proof of the limitations of musical notation. As Artur Schnabel said, "There is not only one right way, but there are many wrong ways." The sagacious comment is constantly being substantiated on platforms and on discs, in performances which demonstrate how common is the human propensity for the lines of least resistance, how rare the combination of scholarship, mastery, perception.

This realization has been translating itself into action that attests to the insight and integrity of the musical mentors of various recording companies, those with access to treasurable performances of the past and who are making more and more of them available on LP. It is more disturbing than surprising that hi-fi addicts have shown relatively small appreciation of these re-issues. That every teacher, pupil, and artist has not seized upon them is another discouraging proof of contemporary apathy. But the effort continues.

The most recent and impressive are Angel's "Great Recordings of the Century," introduced by ten handsomely packaged discs of legendary performances, each with a splendidly written, finely-designed brochure. They are so beautiful, and so valuable, that one wishes particularly that they were more within price range of those who could use them best. $5.98 is not.

From among these benefactions, I selected Prokofiev's Third Piano Concerto, with the composer as soloist and Piero Coppola conducting the London Symphony Orchestra (COLH 34). Prokofiev was already a great pianist when he wrote this work in 1920-21. But it was this concerto that first certified him as a great composer to the international musical world. The original recording (1932) has long had a specially protected spot in my library, for both the composition and its performance were full of profoundly exciting and profoundly new things. They are still, and the transfer to LP has been superbly accomplished. The composer's performance is overwhelming, from the ruthless momentum of the piano's first entry, through the subtlety, charm, and humor of the second-movement variations, to the dainty insolence and fiery brilliance of the finale.

The beauty of Prokofiev's playing comes from an inherent expressivity even in the most dazzling bravura, a rhythmic firmness in lyricism, a bitter sarcasm that never grows smart-alecky, and a tender irony that never grows melancholy. These are exactly the elusive qualities that have escaped all but the supreme interpreters of Prokofiev. And who are they? Those, naturally, like Horowitz, Gilels, Graffman, and the late Kapell, who steeped themselves in the Prokofiev tradition.

The Angel disc also contains the composer's performances of eighteen solo works in the small forms. The famous ones, like the "Suggestions diaboliques," the two Gavottes, and some of the "Visions fugitives" are full of miraculous ideas, miraculously revealed. The other works are variable in quality, but the composer's imagination is there to endow everything with pulsation and life, and to demonstrate from the source that a musical score is but a lifeless diagram that awaits resurrection.

Prokofiev's tradition is the incomparable tradition of Slavic pianism as we knew it intimately through the art of Paderewski, Hofmann, Godowsky, Gabrilowitsch, Lhevinne, and Rachmaninoff; more recently through Horowitz and Rubinstein, and most recently through Gilels, whose playing we know so well. Otherwise, we have only recordings to go by, but they show very clearly the way tradition works. Except for Gilels, the great pianists I mentioned all made their home in the USA. Consequently, they created a climate and condition of piano-playing that today enable our best American pianists to give cards and spades to all but the supreme European examples.

THIS fact is strongly emphasized by two recordings at hand. The first features Alexander Goldenweiser in Tchaikovsky's "Album for the Young," and his pupil Samuel Feinberg in Tchaikovsky's Piano Sonata, Op. 80 (Westminster XWN 18682). Goldenweiser was unknown here until our front pages recently reported that "the white haired octogenarian, the dean of Soviet pianists" walked down the aisle at the Tchaikovsky competition in Moscow, mumbling "genius" after Van Cliburn played the Rachmaninoff Third Concerto. The Goldenweiser record-sleeve does not state when these recordings were made, though I would guess that the pianist was no longer in his prime. It doesn't matter, for these works pose no technical problems. They do, however, pose musical problems, and Goldenweiser handles them all with sensitive tonal and textural variety, with poetic insight, melodic flow, and fine phrasing which belong to an era of romantic pianism. It is a pity that these slight works offer him no oppor-

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tunity to display qualities of depth and dimension.

His pupil, Feinberg, plays a work which despite a late opus number preceded Tchaikovsky's graduation at the St. Petersburg Conservatory and his subsequent departure for Moscow and fame. (Evidently, even some Russians had to go to Moscow to become celebrated.) Feinberg tackles this sprawling and dull sonata bravely, and what remains to save the day is our old friend, tradition. For even though his stylistic understanding cannot bring this music fully to life, Feinberg commands it completely in a performance full of comprehension and conviction. No revelations, mind you; just authentic style.

Next on the agenda is a recording made by a pupil of the pupil of Goldenweiser, thirty-nine-year-old Victor Merzhanov, containing both books of the Paganini-Brahms Variations and the Fifth Sonata, plus four Etudes of Scriabin (Monitor MC 2013). In the Brahms, Merzhanov is revealed as a splendidly equipped technician in the lightweight division. Fast, facile, and fluent, he plays quite a few of the difficult variations impressively. The lyrical ones emerge with singular inexpressivity. Merzhanov has a mannerism of starting each variation tentatively, of sliding into each idea. Soon everything begins to sound pretty much alike. The root of the trouble is a stylistically faulty conception. He really doesn't understand the expressive nature of these pieces. It suddenly occurred to me that neither the great Brahms stylist, Schnabel, nor the giants in these particular works, Petri, Backhaus, and Lhevinne, were anywhere within Mr. Merzhanov's ken during his youth.

Merzhanov's Scriabin is a very different story and reveals artistic qualities totally unexpected from the pianist who played the Brahms Variations. His interpretation shows us the very heart of Scriabin's music. He is so inside the Scriabin character and style and manner that he impresses us not only with the music's content, but also with his own artistry.

Thus, three pianists of three generations illustrate their strengths in the repertories of their soil. Their work in other repertories would certainly never fall short of solid competence. Merzhanov's disc is the only one which provides the basis for specific comparison between his way with music both native and alien to his tradition.

It provides one more example of an inescapable fact—that a tradition, creative or interpretative, is not only a history but also an attitude, without which even those who sincerely seek truth are unable to recognize it, let alone to speak it.

ON "MAHAGONNY"

The Weill-Brecht Collaboration Continued

Lotte Lenya—"choir-boy and Duse."

By MARC BLITZSTEIN

"Aufstieg Und Fall Der Stadt Mahagonny": *Opera by Kurt Weill, with Text by Bertolt Brecht; with Lotte Lenya; Chorus and Orchestra conducted by Wilhelm Brückner-Rüggeberg; produced in Hamburg, Germany.* Columbia, K3L 243.

ONE OF THESE days I shall probably be attempting a full translation into English of the Weill-Brecht masterpiece "Mahagonny"; I can feel it coming. If it happens, it will be done either in behalf of an actual proposed production of the work, or simply for my own amazement. I have examined script and score with a fair amount of closeness for some two years. I have even made several sketches of scenes and songs ("the way I would do them; no, the way they ought to be done; no, the way they *must* be done, so that they still retain, etc. and yet transmute for our audiences, etc.")—starting with words, phrases, full lines that popped into my head; driven by vanity or imagination, but mostly by an almost unconscious, almost irresistible hunger to plumb the depths of a great and unique modern opera. This kind of thing has happened to me before. I recently discovered I had done a rendering of the whole of the same authors' "Dreigroschenoper" (the "Threepenny Opera") without bothering first to ascertain whether I had the necessary rights. That one, indeed, resulted in a considerable success; but not before various persons had arrived at my doorstep bearing documents to show that I did not at the time have those rights.

I came upon "Mahagonny" late; it was not one of the works which influenced my youth, as had "Dreigroschenoper." (I practically went to school to the latter. I can remember vividly its effect on me, and my scandalizing my fellow-students at Arnold Schönberg's master-class at the Berlin Hoch-Schule, when I sat at the piano and croaked in execrable German and a composer's squeal the "Mack the Knife" and "Jealousy Duet" songs, just as Schönberg himself was entering the room. To the twelve-tone-row boys all of Kurt Weill was treated scornfully as so much craftsmanlike piffle.) I did not get to the Baden Baden summer festival in 1926 to hear the small first version of "Mahagonny." I learned the main "schlager" tunes, but that was all. Much later I read the piano-score of the complete 1930 Leipzig and Berlin productions, and realized what I had missed. Now, in the Columbia recording, it is all revealed—orchestration, detail, continuity, contrast and coherence—in a quite wonderful manner.

It is likely that "Mahagonny" is the crowning achievement of the Weill-Brecht collaboration, and one of the giants of the century. It is bigger and broader than "Dreigroschenoper"; its musical continuum is more absolute (there is no spate of spoken dialogue long enough to loosen the music's tension); it is more relentless; its fantasy is surer in consistency; and it is much angrier. The insurgent Nazis of the period at once labelled it "Kultur-Bolshevismus." The Communists blasted it too, as anarchistic, even nihilistic. It is neither, being a tragedy of real pity and terror. One can see that it lends itself to no specific social or political sponsorship.

Brecht's libretto offers no rostrum, no facile remedy for the chaos and disaster it excoriates. It is of an extreme moral bitterness, which at times mounts to a poetic paean of rage; and with the rage, it has said its say. It is also shot through with personal tenderness, solemnity, and

(*Continued on page 47*)

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A Treasury of Folk Dance

By MARY GADD, *National Director, Country Dance Society of America.*

INTEREST in folk dancing as a community recreation and for educational use has been growing steadily during the last twenty-five years. We may deplore the fact that folk fiddlers and other musicians able to provide native dance music are increasingly hard to find, but the use of folk material in schools and communities is in direct proportion to the availability of authentic and well-played records.

The seven folk dance albums made by the Michael Herman Folk Dance Orchestra (RCA Victor LPM 1619 to 1625, $3.98 each) are a gold mine for the folk dance teacher, or community leader, who works with either children or adults.

Considerable care has been given to the choice of dances and their sequence. Beginning with LPM 1625 the material ranges from dance games with singing and dramatic action and simple clapping dances for young children, to the more complicated steps and patterns of LPM 1619. Albums in between (LPM 1624, 1623, 1622, 1621, and 1620) are arranged mainly in order of difficulty, although all contain some simple dances and none include those folk dances that demand a high degree of technical ability, or a lifelong acquaintance with a particular national idiom. Suitability for school use or community recreation has guided the choice.

Countries whose dance forms are represented are: America, Denmark, England, Esthonia, France, Germany, Greece, Holland, Hungary, Ireland, Israel, Italy, Latvia, Lithuania, Mexico, Norway, Philippines, Poland, Scotland, Serbia, and Sweden; eighty-four dances in all. In such a collection the term "folk" is sometimes interpreted to mean popular rather than strictly traditional, and the inclusion of a number of simple mixers and dances for couples or threesomes, of this type, would seem to be completely justified. One might question the inclusion of a Minuet in the Festival album; and if needed to round out a school Festival program, the very slow Minuet chosen would seem not to be the best choice.

The recording of the orchestra is extremely well done, so that the music is pleasant for listeners as well as dancers. The orchestral arrangements are varied and in keeping with the dance, so that in most cases the particular quality of the dance is well brought out. The orchestra's style of playing, with its delightfully strong rhythm and accented beat which is so well suited to most of the tunes recorded, seems to interfere somewhat with the easy relaxed flow of movement characteristic of the English country dances. It is regrettable that the arrangement of the English Playford tunes "Sellengers Round" and "Staines Morris" (the latter used for a children's Maypole dance of the ribbon weaving type) does not preserve the original modal character of the tunes, so that their quality is lost. The dance called "Greensleeves" and listed as English is actually American—it was put together in this country some years ago and has become popular with schools. Neither the dance nor the tune is the beautiful and well-known traditional English "Greensleeves."

Ireland is represented mainly by "The Waves of Tory" (with the tune "Rakes of Mallow" played with a stirring rhythm that makes this tune equally delightful for an American square dance), and a charming couple dance "Joy for Two" or "Siamse Beirte." For Scotland the presentation includes two "popular" dances in addition to the Highland Schottische and an introduction to the Highland Fling.

But these countries are already well provided with records made by themselves, and the Folk Dance Orchestra has wisely concentrated mainly on providing music that has been hard to obtain, except in occasional recordings. The inclusion of twenty dances from Denmark, Sweden, and Norway will be very welcome. The majority of these Scandinavian dances are easy couple or circle dances that have great value as mixers with a vital dance quality.

The chain and circle dances of the Balkans and of Israel are stirringly played, and a simple Israeli Harvest ritual dance is included. Dances from Esthonia, Lithuania, and Latvia are delightfully played and provide variety and charm. Records LPM 1621, 1620, and 1619 include several dances played by native orchestras. The Neapolitan and Sicilian "Tarantellas" played by Reina's Orchestra and the Quartetto Reina-Giacotti are a joy to listen to and must be a lot of fun to dance; the "Bavarian Landler" played by Karl Weiss Bayrische Bauernkapelle has a wonderful earthy peasant quality; the Mexican dance "El Jarabe Tapatio" owes much to the playing of Mariachi Pulido; the Serbian "Kolo Djurdjevka," played by Dave Zupkovich and his Balkan Tamburitza Orchestra will bring joy to the many ardent Kolo dancers (as will the "Milanova Kolo" played by the Michael Herman Folk Dance Orchestra); the singing of Sona Vambo with the M. Souyoul Orchestra brings out the graceful quality of the Greek dance "Tsamiko." Combined with the lively presentation by the Folk Dance Orchestra of the Polish "Krakowiak," Hungarian "Czardas-Vengerka," the bamboo-pole dance "Tinikling" from the Philippines and the always popular Swedish "Hambo," music of a high quality is provided by these recordings. The cheerful all-purpose Polka and Schottische will be generally useful.

DUE no doubt to the wealth of material already available in the American Square and Contra-Dance field only a few of these dances are included. The gay playing of the "Virginia Reel" will help to perpetuate the popularity of this dance with young people. "Blackberry Quadrille" is rhythmical, but is seems a pity not to have given "The Tempest" its own Vermont tune.

The dance descriptions that accompany the records are clear and concise. No written description can adequately convey style, but everything that can be done is here. RCA Victor has given the albums a handsome production. The descriptions are attractively printed and the Album cover show most gay and colorful fantasy pictures of the dances by Mozelle Thompson.

Perhaps the main factor in the success of these recordings is that Michael Herman knows the dances for which he is supplying the music. Ideally each folk dance should be played by its own national musicians; but in practice this is not possible. The next best thing is to have the music presented by people who live with folk music and take every opportunity of learning from native musicians. This Michael and Mary Ann Herman spend their lives in doing. The result is shown in music that considers the requirements of the dance and shows love and respect for the material used.

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Recordings in Review

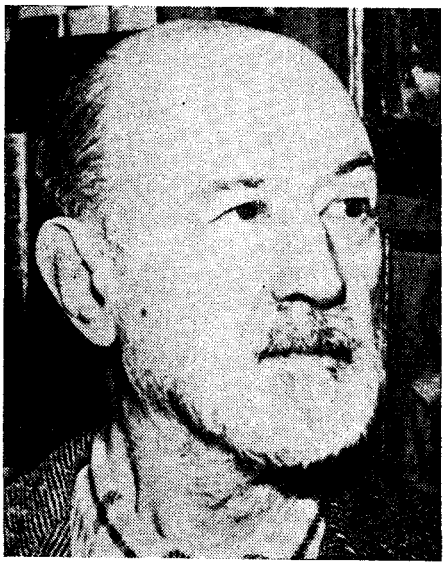
Argenta on Falla

FALLA: *"El Retablo de Maese Pedro," Concerto for Harpsichord. Ataulfo Argenta conducting the National Orchestra of Spain, with Julita Bermejo, soprano, Carlos Munguia, tenor, and Raimundo Torres, baritone.* London LL 1739, $3.98.

HOW GREAT a loss the musical community suffered in the death last winter, in his forty-fourth year, of Ataulfo Argenta becomes, unfortunately, ever more apparent as examples of his work accumulate. It is certainly blessed foresight that London laid out this program of work (now extended through eight LPs) in which Argenta recorded a substantial portion of the best Spanish orchestral literature systematically, but it is manifestly tragic that it will never have its counterpart in the concert hall of the world.

Neither of these works is unfamiliar —"Master Peter's Puppet Show," the younger, is more than thirty years old—and there have been recordings available for a considerable time. However, Argenta's treatment makes it clear that whatever the serious intent and artistic good will of earlier performers, the special sense of sonority, pace, and color which gives the music its character has been phonographically lacking until now.

The demonstration is perhaps more acute in the "Concerto" because its character is so closely intertwined with an auditory scheme of extreme refinement and subtlety. Unless the woodwind parts are given equal prominence with the harpsichord, only a part of the purpose is realized. Argenta gives it to us entire, aided by uncommonly adroit playing by unnamed members of the National Orchestra, as well as the harpsichordist Veyron-Lacroix. All the participants in "El Retablo" are thoroughly qualified, but it is, again, the animating force of Argenta, speaking through recording of outstanding fulness and depth, which makes the experience so arousing. An uncommon disc, however regarded.



—*Frank Gerratana.*

Charles Ives—"artful rhythmic contrasts."

Modern Masterwork

PROKOFIEV: *Symphony No. 5. Eugene Ormandy conducting the Philadelphia Orchestra.* Columbia ML 5260, $3.98.

RECORDINGS have not been lacking of this work since it was first performed in 1945 (it has been recorded more often than any other Prokofiev symphony save the perennially popular "Classical") but this impresses me as the best to date. Moreover, it is a more provocative account of this work than any I have heard in the concert hall, for some reasons which will become apparent presently.

It is the repetition of a familiar pattern for a work to gain in clarity and meaningfulness as performances accumulate, for it takes on more specific suggestions for the conductor as well as the listener. A broader tempo here, an acceleration there, a greater emphasis on a climax point in one movement or another, can shift the emphasis and contribute to the integration every musical work must have if it successfully fulfills its creator's intention.

In the present work, Ormandy tends to broader tempi throughout, including the second movement "Allegro marcato" whose bristly point was clearly made by Artur Rodzinski at his first American performance of the score with the Philharmonic Orchestra a decade ago. But slowing the pace slightly, playing the movement less for its obvious qualities and more in relationship to what follows adds a good deal of cohesion to the score.

Withal, it strikes me that the finale poses the listener with something of an enigma. Its sardonic, rather bitterly mocking character makes an odd conclusion to a work which Prokofiev described as "a symphony about the spirit of man." As noted when it was new, a symphony to be about "the spirit of man" has to be about "the spirit of *a* man" first—meaning, of course, Prokofiev himself. If this was his summation of life in the USSR he was telling us something in tone that he never could in words. This is another in the series of fine-sounding Philadelphia recordings to which attention was directed in RECORDINGS, Apr. 26.

Ives in Three Places

IVES: *"Three Places in New England," Symphony No. 3. Howard Hanson conducting the Eastman-Rochester Symphony Orchestra.* Mercury MG 50149, $3.98.

HERE IS a disc which it would be an injustice not to call historic: a first proper recording of "Three Places in New England" and an absorbing pairing with Ives's Symphony No. 3. The bitonal characteristics of "Putnam's Camp, Redding, Connecticut" almost but do not quite come off: the opposing bands approach distinctly enough, but the resulting concord of unsweet sounds is not sufficiently clarified. Obviously (as in so many other ways) Ives was before his time in creating stereophonic music prior to the invention of means for reproducing it. Now that it is at hand, the "Three Places" should really be given full stereo treatment.

Both works are replete with interest, and frequently with stretches of affecting music. Lacking full familiarity with them I should hesitate to say whether it is the scoring, the conducting or the reproduction which tends to make some passages thick and unwieldy, but I have a strong feeling that some of the overlaid, overlapping musical effects conceal more meaning than they convey a stylistic conception. It might almost be heresy to suggest that Ives would have been a better composer without the particular device which made his name memorable, but the feeling persists nevertheless.

Especially in the "Housatonic at Stockbridge" does it strike me that the core of the music's meaning is in the flowing lines and artful rhythmic contrasts invented by Ives, rather than in the vaguely undefined texture. But that could not be stated as a certainty without clearer reproduction of the sound than is afforded here. Hanson does his work well throughout, and the recording has ample presence, if rather a closeup focus on the sound source.

Badura-Skoda, Mozartian

MOZART: *Concertos No. 14 in E flat (K. 449) and No. 22 in E flat (K.*

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482). *Paul Badura-Skoda, piano, with orchestra.* Westminster XWN 18661, $3.98. *Concertos No. 19 in F (K. 459) and No. 24 in C minor (K. 491). The same.* Westminster XWN 18662, $3.98.

THERE ARE OCCASIONS, such as the present one, when critical judgment may be influenced by the possession of too much rather than too little knowledge. For Badura-Skoda not only performs according to his familiarly expert fashion in these four concerti, has written cadenzas for two of them (Nos. 22 and 24) and program notes for the whole series (perhaps he and Glenn Gould will exchange functions on some occasion), but he is also his own conductor.

How I would react to the latter (rather important) fact if I did not know it in advance, I can only speculate. But know it I do, and I react to it in the following ways: Are the results as good, not as good, or better than they would be otherwise? There is, certainly, a uniformity of statement throughout that is sometimes lacking when soloist and conductor possess separate ideas as well as bodies: there is a little lack of equal emphasis when both elements in the ensemble are fully engaged: and, occasionally, an absence of the fine detail in orchestral execution which players cannot achieve on their own (the trills in the first movement of K.449, for example) and which requires a special skill to clarify. So, at best, the results are no better than they would be with a properly qualified conductor, and they are not always at that best.

Badura-Skoda's musicality is best conveyed (among the unusual, extra-keyboard activities in this collection) in his three cadenzas. They testify not only to his absorption of the Mozartian essence with which he is concerned, but even more to his taste and good judgment in formulating his own views of the material.

Angelic Voices

BELLINI: *"Ah! non credea mirarti" ("Sonnambula"), "Casta Diva" ("Norma"),* VERDI: *"Tacea la notte" ("Trovatore"), "Addio del passato" ("Traviata"), "Pace, pace" ("Forza"),* BOITO: *"L'altra notte" ("Mefistofele"),* MASCAGNI: *"Voi lo sapete,"* PUCCINI: *"Si, mi chiamano Mimi" ("Bohème"), "Donde lieta usci" ("Bohème"), "Vissi d'arte" ("Tosca"),* GIORDANO: *"La mamma morta." Claudia Muzio, soprano,* Angel COLH 101, $5.95.

STRAUSS: *"Morgen," "Ständchen," "Wiegenlied," "Freundliche Vision," "All mein Gedanken," "Hat gesagt," "Schlechtes Wetter," and "Heimkehr."* WOLF: *"In der Frühe," "In dem Schatten," "Mausfallen Sprüchlein," "Auch kleine Dinge," "Und willst du deinen Liebsten," "Schlafendes Jesuskind," "Nun wandre, Maria," "Wie glänzt der helle Mond," and "Nimmersatte Liebe." Elisabeth Schumann, soprano, with orchestra conducted by Lawrance Collingwood, and pianists Gerald Moore, Ernest Lush, Ivor Newton, Karl Alwin and Leo Rosenek.* Angel COLH 102, $5.95.

MOUSSORGSKY: *"Coronation Scene," "I Have Attained the Highest Power," "Ah, I am Stifling," "Farewell of Boris," "Prayer and Death of Boris," ("Boris Godunoff"),* GLINKA: *"Farlaf's Rondo" ("Russllan and Ludmilla"),* DARGOMIZHSKY: *"The Miller's Air," and "Mad Scene" ("Russalka"),* BORODIN: *Khan Kontchak's Air ("Prince Igor"),* RIMSKY-KORSAKOV: *"Song of the Viking Guest" ("Sadko"). Feodor Chaliapin, basso, with orchestras conducted by Albert Coates, M. Steinmann, C. Bellezza, and Lawrance Collingwood.* Angel COLH 100, $5.95.

AS NOTED ELSEWHERE (page 39), this is the month which sees the appearance of the long-awaited "Great Recordings of the Century" series, and though the enterprise is not a novel one—RCA and Columbia initiated it in the early days of LP—it gives promise of a scope and permanence beyond anything yet offered to the record buying public. Compliments are especially in order for those who conceived the editorial matter.

A simple scrutiny of the contents is almost sufficient to whet the music lover's appetite for the nourishment in his favorite category, or perhaps, all of them. But some words of exposition may be offered in the aftermath of hearing all of these things again (plus an item or two which may have escaped the attention previously, or as in the case of the Strauss "Heimkehr," sung by Mme. Schumann, not released.)

Perhaps the basic realization is how short our singers of today, even the best, come of matching the opportunities provided by the material they sing. Mme. Muzio provides an object lesson in this respect for the fact that her disc does not represent a culling from a long perspective of her career but, with two exceptions, the products of a single week's work in June 1935. ("Ah! Non credea mirarti" and "Voi lo sapete" were made in the previous June.) Among them is the finest all-around version of "Casta Diva" on any disc, marvelous singing of the Verdi arias, beautifully tasteful recreations of Mimi's character, and evidences (amid other splendors) that the top of the voice is beginning to go,

in "Vissi d'arte" and "La mamma morta." The closer study of the Muzio mastery made possible by the improved sound effected by the Pathé (Paris) technicians sharply points the conclusion that few singers of any time have combined emotional power with musical vocalization as she did.

The Schumann disc, with its invariably silvery quality of sound, spirituality and musicianship shows the familiar but ever-lovable qualities in a time span from 1927 to 1946. The earliest are "Morgen" and "Ständchen" of 1927, with the soggy-sounding orchestrations conducted by Collingwood as the bright thread of her sound soars above. The latest is the Wolf material which, with the exception of "Schlafendes Jesuskind" and "Nun wandre, Maria" of 1935, were all made in 1945-1946. Here is the finest kind of fine-spun artistry, with some traits of phraseology (especially in "Ständchen" and the other Strauss songs) handed down from personal contact with the composer—Mme. Schumann was his chosen interpreter when he made an American tour in 1921—which have been all but forgotten today. For this reason if no other, this record is invaluable.

As those who are familiar with the various forms of the Chaliapin material may anticipate, this is the least satisfactory in sound, all of them dating from 1925-1931. But through the grit and the grind, the wheezes and the wows, Chaliapin's Boris emerges almost visible to the eye. What has sometimes been forgotten in an exposition of Chaliapin's other superb qualities is that he was essentially a *lyric* singer, a basso cantante rather than a basso profundo (as some of our Borises of today would like to be regarded). Thus, there is in the pure sound of the voice something touching and communicative. What he does in the progression from the "Coronation Scene" to the "Death of Boris" is a study in vocal modulation (the "Clock Scene" is especially illuminating in this respect) as well as dramatic virtuosity. The "Farewell" and "Death" are from the famous July 4, 1928, performance at Covent Garden. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports I: Orchestral LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Concerto No. 5 ("Emperor"). Rudolf Firkusny, piano, with the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra conducted by William Steinberg. Capitol PAO 8419, $4.98.	Firkusny and Steinberg share what is always desirable for a performance to possess: a character, a point of view, a unified idea of what they are about. Whether it is wholly appropriate to this work is another thing, for they deal with it almost as chamber music, with much clarity and definition at the lower end of the dynamic scale, but hardly the brilliance or power desirable in the climaxes. A general inclination to slowish tempi stresses the "adagio" aspect of Beethoven's marking for movement two, at the expense of the qualifying "poco mosso." Very good reproduction.
Brahms: Concerto No. 2 in B flat. Emil Gilels, piano, with the Chicago Symphony directed by Fritz Reiner. RCA Victor LM 2219, $4.98.	This collaboration possesses, in pluperfect degree, power, personality, and prowess—but too little of that intangible called poetry. Gilels's ease of execution is sometimes on the edge of amazing, but with all these resources, he does not probe very deeply into the interior being of the music. For his part, in giving the soloist what he seems to want, Reiner's expressive temperature throughout is slightly cool (not as that term is understood in jazz circles, either). A decided plus is the fine playing of the 'cello solo by Janos Starker, who has now concluded his tenure with the orchestra. Strong, well-defined sound.
Dvorak: Symphony No. 2 in D minor. Sir John Barbirolli conducting the Hallé Orchestra. Mercury MG 50159, $3.98.	Barbirolli's strong feeling for this music and the fervent response of his excellent orchestra give this version top rank, in my view, among the various ones now current. He is especially persuasive in his treatment of the scherzo, a masterpiece of the genre. The timpani is a shade overprominent in the recording, which is otherwise first class.
Field: Concerto in E flat, Nocturnes (1, 2, 4, 5, and 12). Sondra Bianca, piano, with orchestra conducted by W. Randolph Jones. MGM E 3476, $3.98.	For those to whom Field is just a name linked to Chopin's (as deviser of the Nocturne) this documentation will be both illuminating and suggestive. Both works (the early nocturnes date from 1814) show a considerable foreshadowing of the Chopin "style"—filigrees, cascading chords, arpeggiated accompaniments, etc.—but they are expressively bland, lacking the substance or character or individuality of the man who followed their suggestions into a world of fantasy all his own. Miss Bianca's performances are facile, the Hamburg Orchestra efficiently directed by Jones. Good reproduction.
MacDowell: Concerto No. 2 in D minor. Marjorie Mitchell piano, with orchestra conducted by William Strickland. "Keltic" sonata, excerpts from "Woodland Sketches." Mitchell, piano. Vanguard VRS 1011, $4.98.	In a manner of speaking, the MacDowell concerto is all Grieg to me, the absorption of the Norwegian's idiom a serious impingement on the fine workmanship with which the American expressed himself. Miss Mitchell performs with the fervor of a zealot, a superior kind of pianistic fluency, and in the short pieces particularly, gratifying tonal fullness. The typcial Vanguard sensitivity for sound distinguishes the reproduced results.
Mozart: Concerto in A (K. 622). Bram de Wilde, clarinet, with Eduard van Beinum conducting the Amsterdam Concertgebouw Orchestra. Concerto in C (K. 299). H. Barwahser, flute, Phia Berghout, harpist, and the same. Epic LC 3456, $3.98.	Both Barwahser and Miss Berghout are known and highly regarded for their work on previous recordings, and they perform according to expectations here. Bram de Wilde is a clarinetist any orchestra would be gratified to claim for its own, with an outspoken musical impulse not common among orchestral musicians. All the playing is highly refined, meticulously detailed, and reproduced with uncommon sheen and clarity.
Ravel: "Ma Mère L'Oye," Roussel: Suite in F, Chabrier: "Bourrée Fantasque," Barraud: "Offrande a Une Ombre." Paul Paray conducting the Detroit Symphony. Mercury MG 50145, $3.98.	Paray's orientation to this material is of the soundest, and he conveys his ideas persuasively by means of the excellent ensemble he has molded in Detroit. He is particularly effective in the Ravel, clarifying some detail and interstranding others in a delicate but tight web of sound. The Chabrier and Barraud works are also very successfully projected, the Roussel somewhat marred by a microphone placement which emphasizes the gritty, rough texture of the writing.
Rimsky-Korsakov: "Scheherezade." Sir Thomas Beecham conducting the Royal Philharmonic Orchestra. Angel 35505, $4.98.	This long awaited (by some) event suggests that there are some musical feats beyond the accomplishment of even such a master of the restorer's art as Beecham. His "Scheherezade" is as good as anyone's, perhaps even better than anyone's, but this is such a thoroughly exploited score that a really conscientious artist can scarcely add anything to it that we don't already know. Some of the details have been freshened by a careful attention to the script (score), but the sum is, after all "Scheherezade." The beautiful playing of the orchestra and Steven Staryk's admirable bowing of the solo violin passages are faithfully reproduced.
Rimsky-Korsakov: "Russian Easter" Overture, Borodin: "Prince Igor" (Overture and "Polovetzian Dances"), "In the Steppes of Central Asia." Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston "Pops" Orchestra. RCA Victor LM 2202, $4.98.	All of this music is brilliantly and powerfully reproduced with today's improved technical resources as increment to what has always been admired as the Boston "Pops" standard. The tendency is, however, to utilize the material as a means of overpowering the listener with virtuoso execution whether or not—as in one hard-driven section of the "Russian Easter"—it is suitable to the material or not. The well-thumped bass drum in the "Polovetzian Dances" is superficially impressive, but much of that resonance would be absorbed by space in a concert hall performance.
Schubert: Symphony in B minor ("Unfinished"). Brahms: Variations on a theme by Haydn. Ferenc Fricsay conducting the Berlin Radio Symphony Orchestra. Decca DL 9975, $3.98.	Two substantial, well-considered performances tending to longer lines and more leisurely unfolding of their content than is commonly heard. Thanks to Fricsay's strong sense of underlying pulse and rhythmic definition, the continuity is sustained despite the tendency to more breath, less tension in the statement than would usually be considered appropriate. Fine orchestral playing, well-proportioned reproduction are also assets.
Strauss, J.: "Blue Danube," "Tales of the Vienna Woods," "Artist's Life," "Du und Du" ("Fledermaus"), "Emperor Waltz," and "Wienerblut." Felix Slatkin conducting the Hollywood Bowl Orchestra, Capitol PAO 8421, $4.98.	Though the attribution suggests something pyrotechnical and streamlined, the Hollywood Bowl personnel under Slatkin's persuasive direction performs with a considerable degree of idiomatic flexibility, rhythmic crispness and tone quality. Now and then (as in "Artist's Life") the "style" moves into the area of stylization, and there could be a little more sparkle throughout, but it is a welcome contrast to what has been done with this material by some other American orchestras and conductors. Good sound, though the group sounds a little small for best results.
Strauss: Suite from "Der Rosenkavalier," "Don Juan." William Steinberg conducting the Philharmonia Orchestra. Capitol PAO 8423, $4.98.	It does not take many revolutions of the disc to disclose that Steinberg is luxuriating in the clear pure sound of the Philharmonia rather than laboring with the sometimes unclear, impure one of his own Pittsburgh ensemble. Given this kind of spirited steed to ride, Steinberg shows his adeptness as an orchestral equestrian in a Straussian course laid out (in the case of the "Rosenkavalier" excerpts) by his own hand. The addition of much other matter to the usual Ochswälzer (especially the third act trio and closing scene) makes for a full side of spirited, beautiful performance. It is also the Philharmonia's first "Don Juan" on LP, and the towering splendor of the execution is something to hear. The recording honors all—S, S, and P—equally. —IRVING KOLODIN.

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Recordings Reports II: Miscellaneous LPs

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Beethoven: Sonatas in A Major (Op. 30, No. 1, opus 47). Arthur Grumiaux, violin, and Clara Haskil, piano. Epic LC 3458, $3.98.	One of the best in the admired series of discs by these collaborators, as much in the smoothflowing Op. 30 as in the dramatically flavored "Kreutzer." Neither Grumiaux nor Haskil commands the ideal body of sound for this "concerto-sonata" (how many instrumentalists do?) but the unanimity of impulse (as well as its justice) have to be heard to be appreciated. With never a hesitation or a contrary impulse, the performance rolls on, as though on bearings. Fine sound.
Brahms: Sonatas in C (Op. 1) and F sharp minor (Op. 2), Scherzo (E flat minor, op. 4). Eugene List, piano. Vanguard VRS 1016, $4.98.	List's choice of repertory and his understanding performances of it are evidence of artistic growth and musical maturity which are good to hear. However, the tonal requirements (especially in the C major sonata) are for a bigger style and heavier production than are consistent with his pianistic approach. The F sharp minor is best realized, especially in the variations on "Mir ist leide." List's piano sound is well conveyed by the reproduction.
Cardillo: "Core 'ngrato," de Curtis: "Canta pe'me" and twelve other Neapolitan songs. Richard Tucker, tenor, with orchestra conducted by Alfredo Antonini. Columbia 5258, $3.98.	Few tenor records of recent time have offered such a stream of liquid, melting sound as Tucker pours into this tribute to the de Curtis-Buzzi-Peccia("Lolita")-di Capua ("O Sole mio") literature. Interpretatively he is at his best when he relaxes pressure and lets the song flow, rather than overstressing word values in a striving for an authentic Italianate flavor. The overgenerous use of an echo chamber tends to make the whole enterprise sound outsized, which is no service to the really beautiful vocalism Tucker produces without stint.
Chopin: Scherzi. Ruth Slenczynska, piano. Decca 9961, $3.98.	*The amount of facility Miss Slenczynska disposes in these demanding works could be productive* of any musical results she decrees, and the sound is frequently warmly sonorous, deeply resonant. Moreover, the slower, more lyric passages of contrast are frequently phrased with an appealing understanding. However, fast passages are an invitation to Miss Slenczynska to make the felt (if not the fur) fly, with insufficient characterization of their dramatic meaning, or the depth of emotion they contain. Satisfactory recording.
Grandjany: "Fantasie on a Theme by Haydn," Dans la forêt," "Divertissement." Fauré: "Impromptu," Prokofiev: Prelude, Hindemith: "Sonata." Marcel Grandjany, harp. Capital PAO 8420, $4.98.	Like his eminent colleague Salzedo, Grandjany has expended considerable effort on extending the literature of his instrument. His works are fluent, well-formed, and, of course, fine sounding in his own masterful performances. Side two is distinguished by a lucid performance of Prokofiev's charming prelude in C, and a strongly marked one of Hindemith's only, but highly successful, venture into the harp literature. The fine finale, to which Grandjany directs particular attention in his commentary, is outstanding. Excellent reproduction.
Kreisler: "Caprice Viennois," "Liebeslied," "Liebesfreud," "Tambourin Chinois," etc. Zino Francescatti, violin, with Arthur Balsam, Max Lanner, pianists. Columbia ML 5255, $3.98.	*Though Francescatti's conception of violin sound is poles apart from Kreisler's,* he employs his superb rhythmic sense to make these works dance and sing as they rarely have in performances by others than the composer-violinist. In the more substantial patterns of the "Praeludium and Allegro" and the "Rondino on a theme of Beethoven" (for which the accompanist is Lanner), Francescatti's strong-striding style of performance is especially pertinent. Side one, incidentally, does not end with "Schön Rosmarin" (as advertised), but with the violinist's playing of Schumann's "Prophet Bird," which must have joined the tape surreptitiously. Fine sound.
Mozart: "Misero! O Sogno" (K. 451), "Si mostra la Sorte" (K. 209), "Con Ossequio, Con Rispetto" (K. 210), etc. Helmut Krebs, tenor, with orchestra directed by Kurt Redel. Westminster XWN 18663, $3.98.	Interest here is not with the grown-up Mozart's occasional concert arias for tenor (he could not get very much involved with their abstract sentiments) but with "Va, dal furor portata" (K. 21) and "Or che il dover" (K. 36) which, though composed before he reached age 12 are, unbelievably, uniquely Mozartian. Whether or not he had outside assistance, the order of thought shows the extent to which his creative processes were instinctive. Throughout the always well-constructed arias, Krebs is a sympathetic, schooled singer if not one of beguiling vocal appeal. Redel is an able associate, the recording good.
Mozart: "Das Veilchen," Beethoven: "Wonne der Wehmut," Schubert: "Suleika," Wolf: "Anakreons Grab," "Blumengruss," "Mignon I, II, III," etc. Irmgard Seefried, soprano, with Erik Werba, piano. Decca DL 9974, $3.98	If the common link among these songs is not at once apparent, a further clue might be contained in the titles of still others included: Schubert's "Heidenröslein," "König in Thule," "Ganymed," and "Gretchen am Spinnrade." They are, of course, all based on lyrics by Johann Wolfgang Goethe, a small but impressive segment of the nearly 150 songs by this group of composers (Schumann is represented by a "Suleika" setting) similarly derived. Miss Seefried's invariably intelligent, musicianly, and painstaking performances are never less than admirable, though one wishes, now and then, that she would think less and feel more, or at least, let the voice "speak for itself" as she does in "Kennst du das Land," and "Ganymed." Elsewhere she fancies a vibratoless, white sound that may signify something to Miss Seefried but doesn't please this listener (if none other). Werba does his work well.
Schubert: "Die Forelle," "Auf dem Wasser zu singen," "Seligkeit," "Heidenröslein," Wolf: "Wiegenlied," "Die Kleine," Strauss: "Der Stern," "Schlechtes Wetter." Milhaud: "Chansons de Ronsard," Nicolai: "Variations on a lullaby by Weber," Rita Streich, soprano, with Erik Werba, piano. Decca DL 9972, $3.98.	Some of this material (notably the "Chansons de Ronsard" of Milhaud) was included in the program Miss Streich performed at her New York debut last winter, but she sings it so much better here, with all the extraordinary ease and purity of her best work that one must conclude that event did not show her nearly at her best. Indeed she is a warmly attractive singer through the twenty-one items of the record, which include, beyond those indicated, a group of folk songs in German, French and English. Miss Streich makes an especially delightful thing of Wolf's "Die Kleine" (a rarely-heard beauty) and a lively one of Nicolai's variations on the Weber lullaby ("Schlaf Herzenssöhnchen"). Werba is again excellent. Outstanding sound.
Schmitt: "Une Semaine du Petit Elfe Ferme-l'Oeil," "Trois Rapsodies." Robert and Gaby Casadesus, duo-pianists. Columbia ML 5259, $3.98.	Those who associate Schmitt with an occasional performance of his "Tragédie de Salomé" will find unexpected diversion as well as musical quality in these agreeable works beautifully played by Mme. et M. Casadesus. The Andersen fairy tale on which the score is based relates to the nocturnal adventures of Hialmar, guided by Shut-Eye (not merely the colloquial equivalent of sleep, but a dwarf who knows where to find the "Marriage of the Mice," "The Tired Stork," etc). Schmitt's writing has a suggestion, from time to time, of Ravel's "Ma Mère l'Oye" (originally also for piano duet), but plentiful quality on its own. The "Rapsodies" ("Française," "Polonaise" and "Viennoise") are all their titles suggest, infectiously realized by the Casadesuses (this time at two pianos). Fine sound. —I. K.

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"Mahagonny"

Continued from page 40

ribald garish poetry. The myth (the text for all its vernacular lies securely in the realm of mythology) tells of the founding of the City of Mahagonny, somewhere on the "Gold Coast" of some fabulous America (a favorite fantasy-haunt of Brecht). The founders are three outlaws—Mrs. Begbick, Fatty the Bookkeeper and Trinity Moses—who are escaping the long arm of the sheriff, and looking for easy money. They will call the city Mahagonny, City of Traps (*Netzestadt*; "Mahagonny" means "mahogany" in German, and probably has for verbal image Miami, city of *luxe* on the Florida coast). Here they promise everything, but everything, in the way of material joys; here you may do anything, but anything, if you can pay for it. It follows that the morality of the place premises as its *summum bonum* the possession of the greatest amount of money, and as its most heinous crime the utter lack of it. Men from all over the world rush to the pleasure-city, among them Jim Mahoney and his three pals who have struck it rich in Alaska; a covey of girls arrive, Argentina style, to cater to their desires, among them Jenny from Havana, whose mother "war eine Weisse" (in my dream-translation this becomes "was as white as you are").

After some bald bargaining, Jim and Jenny get together. But Jim grows to sense a restlessness about all these goodies: things are too wonderful, too at hand, nothing happens except gratification; and total gratification of desire leaves a great deal to be desired. A hurricane-warning is announced (Brecht's files posthumously revealed maps of the Florida district, and clippings of a hurricane in the vicinity). For a brief suspenseful moment it looks as though something were indeed about to happen; but the hurricane by-passes the city. We return to our daily rounds of pleasure: 1) over-eating, 2) love-making, 3) sport (prize fighting, vicariously enjoyed), and 4) liquor-swilling. One of Jim's pals dies of gluttony; another is killed by Moses in a championship bout; and Jim runs out of money. His remaining pal Bill just can't see lending him any; nor can Jenny, his true-love (here we have a repetition of "Dreigroschenoper" and Polly's love-and-treachery towards Macheath). So Jim is tried for high treason (failing to pay his bill for four bottles of whisky and one curtain-rod), and is sentenced to be executed. But by now all the inhabitants, tourists, girls, even Mrs. Begbick and the original "founding fathers," have become infected by Jim's disillusion. Woe is followed by mutual rancor, open belligerence, and final conflagration. In a withering next-to-last scene the "God-game in Mahagonny" (again my dream-rendering) is played. At the end there is a procession of death-tumbrils, carrying the entire cast as well as Jim's corpse, that flail and bump one another savagely, while the city goes up in flames behind them; and we hear, in a steady death-beat that seems to engulf text, music, stage and audience, the hair-raising choral chant; no one can help a dead man; no one can help us or you or anyone. The City of Traps has fallen of its own corruption and waste and gaiety. Like all good librettos, this one of Brecht is only half a thing without the music. Weill's score is many-sided in style and type.

IT is the miracle of the man's gift that it all hangs together, becomes natural, even inevitable. The gorgeously tawdry pop-tunes "Moon of Alabama," "Let's Go to Benares" (both done in the *original* in pidgin-English), and "Wie Man sich Bettet" are wedded to an astringent dissonant music-pattern that screams and brays, becomes pulsating and awesome, explodes into grandeur, is abruptly simple and touching at the most disarming moments. Its texture is never thick, for all its noise; the intimate scenes of Jim and Jenny are delineated with a grace and a tenuous quiet which make you hold your breath. Above all the music has great elegance, whether it is describing the rich gravity of the "Haltet euch aufrecht" chorus or the over-pretty waltz that accompanies gluttonous Jacob to his death as he eats his last whole cow. There are many spoken words and lines; here Weill has managed a triumphant solution: one cannot remember what was spoken, what was sung. If I seem to be grabbing for superlatives, bear with me; I am completely gone on the subject of "Mahagonny."

The Columbia set of three records (six sides) bears witness to a long fruitful rehearsal-period of as fine a cast as can be garnered for the work. The voices are in general not the voices one would choose for a production of the opera in English; nor is the singing-style always easy for our ears. The Germans have a wonderful and terrifying way of plunging in neck-deep; subtlety occurs here only rarely, and then mostly in the performance of Lotte Lenya as Jenny, who with her voice like a cross between a choir-boy and Duse can apparently do anything. In this, her most ambitious attempt, she emerges as a singing and acting star of the very first rank.

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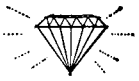

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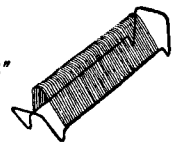

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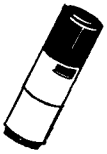

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Tapes in Review

"Pathetique" In Duplicate

TCHAIKOVSKY: *Symphony No. 6 in B minor ("Pathetique"). Dimitri Mitropoulos conducting the New York Philharmonic. Columbia stereophonic tape* LBM-19. $15.95.
The same. Muir Mathieson conducting the Sinfonia of London. Livingston stereophonic tape 4002-K. $11.95.

BOTH OF THESE performances can argue their respective merits persuasively enough to make the choice one of individual preference, either for Mitropoulos's dramatic treatment or the more delicate one of Mathieson.

Mitropoulos has the advantage of a better orchestra, brighter-toned and more precise, along with a recording of fine depth and definition that cleanly transmits the orchestral sonorities. This adds to the intensity of a performance that fervently invokes the music's frank romanticism. The soaring melody of the first movement is lushly stated, the martial climax of the third comes off with full military honors, and other salient bits are similarly eloquent.

To this end, Mitropoulos has made liberal use of rubato, and now and then an arbitrary choice of tempo—an expedient that he largely justifies by his broad climactic effects. It tends, however, to a weakening of connective fibers, and to a rather episodic unfoldment of a score whose strength does not lie quite so wholly in its melodramatic elements as this performance would suggest.

Mathieson's more orderly treatment reflects the equilibrium that can ensue when this music's Slavic vehemence is stabilized by a British reticence of temper. The result is a proportioned, thoughtful statement that exposes the music's subtler qualities without undue sacrifice of dramatic power, although with some loss of breadth in the cantilena passages. These, minus their glossier portamento effects, sound reflective rather than passion-torn, but carry a conviction often lacking in more overwrought presentations. Plenty of excitement is generated in the more assertive movements, with the rhythmic drive of the third given exceptional urgency by the logic of its shaping.

The London strings are warmer and the overall effect more mellow than the American performance. Sound in both is equally fine, somewhat less presence in the Livingston tape being a matter of orchestral, rather than of recording, quality. The Mitropoulos reading is also on disc (Columbia ML-5235), and those wishing to pursue the problem stereophonically might investigate Monteux's performance on tape for Victor (GCS-5).

For Lute and Virginal

ELIZABETHAN LUTE MUSIC. *Performed by Suzanne Bloch. Concert Hall stereophonic tape* EX-68. $8.95.

IN THIS unusual album of early seventeenth-century music for lute and for virginal, stereo has performed a double service for Miss Bloch's enchanting and highly specialized art. The first is its faithful transmission of the antique flavor of her instrumental timbres. The second is in allowing her to perform a dual office in the three duets for two lutes, "Le Rossignol," "Drewries Accordes" and "Flatt Galliard," taken from Jane Pickeringe's Lute Book, a collection of popular Elizabethan pieces published in 1616. For these, Miss Bloch plays both lutes, a feat of legerdemain made possible by recording the first part on tape, then recording part two on a second tape while playing the first back through earphones.

A group of anonymous *chansons de cour* captivated me rather less, chiefly because Miss Bloch's vocalism, however sensitively apt, is scarcely on a par with her radiant fingerwork. An unmixed delight, however, are the three pieces for virginal, "Qui passe" by William Byrd and two preludes, one an anonymous gem from the Fitzwilliam Virginal Book, the other from Orlando Gibbons's "Parthenia" collection.

The recording sound is open and bright, and nothing has been done artificially to inflate the delicate dynamics of music that sounds disarmingly fey to modern ears.

Notable No. 5

BEETHOVEN: *Symphony No. 5, in C minor. Guenter Wand conducting the Guerzenich Symphony Orchestra of Cologne. Omegatape stereophonic* STD-13. $5.95.

EVERY ONCE in a while a conductor comes along who forces us to take a new look at an old masterwork. Guenter Wand, who does this for

Beethoven's Fifth Symphony, is scarcely a newcomer to the conductor's podium, although he is virtually unknown in this country. The refreshing aspect of his present treatment lies less in any idiosyncrasy of coloring or accent than in his sternly organized control of the entire musical complex. With the first incisive notes one senses a surely perceived goal, toward which he moves with the assurance of one able to draw upon seemingly inexhaustible funds of inner certainty.

Dynamic values receive their full due, but his prime concern is with the music's own obsessive forward thrust, a concern which realizes something of the quality that Toscanini so signally perceived in Beethoven's stormier movements—the *terribilità* which allies them in spirit to the apocalyptic Sistine frescoes or the implacable visions of Dante Alighieri.

The ability to establish such kinship is compounded of many things, none of them easy to assess except as they form a totality which suggests, at the very least, musical powers somewhat beyond the ordinary. Among Wand's qualifications, in any case, must be numbered a remarkable comprehension of the score, and the skill to traverse an expressive gamut from delicate nuance to powerfully generated crescendoes. The resilient playing of what appears, in this initial encounter, to be a virtuoso orchestra adds greatly to the total effect.

A notable treatment of the Fifth by Rodzinski is also on stereo tape (October TAPES IN REVIEW), in a well recorded edition by Westminster. Omegatape's recording is not as resonant, but Wand's tauter exposition generates more power.

—MILDRED NORTON.

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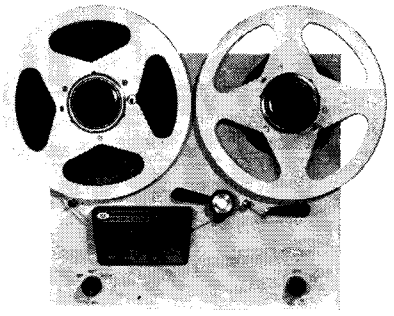

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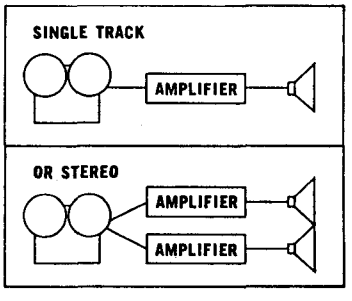

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Recordings Reports: Pre-recorded Tapes

WORK, PERFORMER, DATA	REPORT
Auber: "Fra Diavolo" Overture. Weber: "Der Freischuetz" Overture. Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster-Sonotape SWB-7044. $6.95.	Scherchen's strongly developed sense of contrast and climax agreeably serves the facile Auber overture. In the more substantial preface to "Der Freischuetz" he shows considerable feeling for the music's operatic character, shading it with enough imagination to make it something more than a romantic curtain raiser. Creamy string tone and luminous horn passages heighten the sonorous effect of a tape that faithfully conveys the music's descriptive eloquence.
Bach: Toccata and Fugue, D minor. Debussy: "Clair de Lune," "Prelude to the Afternoon of a Faun." Sibelius: "Swan of Tuonela," "Finlandia." Leopold Stokowski conducting. Capitol ZF-35. $14.95.	Five seems a rather conservative number to represent the landmarks of this distinguished career, but each of the pieces chosen for this task have been indelibly stamped for many listeners with the imprint of Stokowski's personality. His Bach transcription, which has already fortified records, movie track and the concert hall, at last finds its most efficient outlet in stereo. Full license is given the sonorities of both Sibelius works, and Debussy's iridescent music is radiantly evoked. No credits are given for the excellent orchestra, as if to prove (if proof were needed) that any ensemble takes on a characteristic Stokowskian opulence under his direction. The tape, like the corresponding disc (Capitol P-8399), is live and resonant.
Falla: "Ritual Fire Dance," "Dance of Terror." Moussorgsky: "A Night on Bald Mountain." Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster-Sonotape SWB-7036. $6.95.	Scherchen heightens these dramatic pieces further by his forceful dynamics and bold exposure of color. The rhythms from "El Amor Brujo" are urgently stated, the tonal pigments kept vivid in a palette which, however vigorously employed, is never less than lucid. The orchestra plays with incision and brilliancy, its naturally sweet tone a guarantee against stridency in even the most frenzied passages. Solid, well balanced sound, although not so brilliant as some Westminster tapes.
Grofé: "Grand Canyon" Suite: "Mississippi" Suite. Felix Slatkin conducting the Hollywood Bowl Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZF-53. $14.95.	A growing concern for mood and detail makes this one of Slatkin's more successful efforts. The orchestra, too, seems unusually well disposed toward both pieces, presenting their clear coloring with appropriate transparency of string and woodwind tone. The "Mississippi" Suite, an earlier work, is similar in buoyant charm to its better known companion. Both have been well recorded on a clean, resonant tape, the disced counterpart of which is Capitol's P-8347.
Khachaturian: Concerto for Piano and Orchestra. Leonard Pennario, piano, with Felix Slatkin conducting the Concert Arts Symphony Orchestra. Capitol ZF-52. $14.95.	Aside from a slow movement of some substance, this concerto's pyrotechnical values greatly outnumber the musical, but one cannot discount the challenge it poses to the pianist. Pennario meets its brilliant scale runs and thundering octaves with full assurance, bringing a big, clean tone to a performance that is carved on appropriately outsize lines. Recording is clean, live, with good definition.
"Ports of Pleasure." Les Baxter and his Orchestra. Capitol ZC-20. $11.95.	A brilliant recording captures the color and accent of these slight tonal vignettes dealing with the orchestra leader's somewhat journalistic impressions of the "mysterious East." These successively transport him (and the listener) to Tahiti, Shanghai, Hong Kong, Bali, Ceylon, Bombay, Saigon and through the gates of Annam—an odyessey made pleasurable by the varied and surprising inventive employment of his orchestra's considerable resources.
"Rendezvous with Offenbach." Josef Drexler conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Livingston 720-BN. $11.95.	A spirited pot-pourri which offers orchestral samplings from some dozen Offenbach operettas. Among the musical references are snatches from "Le Barbe-Bleue," "Genoveva von Brabant," "La Belle Hélène," "Orpheus in the Underworld. "Tales of Hoffman" and, of course, the Can-Can from "Paris Life." All are genially performed under Drexler's brisk direction. No credit is given for the hand which matched the smooth montage of more than thirty excerpts, but all are so blithely Offenbach in character that one seems to flow naturally into the other. Brilliant, high level recording.
Rossini: "William Tell" Overture. Hermann Scherchen conducting the Vienna State Opera Orchestra. Westminster-Sonotape SWB-7043. $6.95.	Like much of its genre, this overture has endured parody and mistreatment so often it has come to symbolize cliche for most of us. It takes the kind of sympathetic handling Scherchen gives it here to re-establish the validity of music that was, after all, written by a composer of forceful gifts. The orchestra's mellow playing of the lyrical passages and crisp treatment of the rousing ones are equally persuasive. A further asset is the clean, bright sound.
Sousa: "Stars and Stripes Forever"; "The Thunderer" March, etc. Frederick Fennell conducting the Eastman Symphonic Wind Ensemble. Mercury MWS5-14. $6.95.	Stereo conjures up the excitement and presence of a military band with startling realism in this brilliant recording of six of Sousa's best loved marches. Not all were written for military service (e.g., "Washington Post," "King Cotton," "El Capitan"), but all are equally stirring as performed by the virtuoso Eastman wind players. Fennell puts the group through its paces with a keen conducting sense. The album, which is also on disc (Mercury 50105), takes its title, "Marching Along," from the great band master's memoirs.
Strauss: "Die Fledermaus" selections. Arthur Fiedler conducting the Boston Pops Orchestra. RCA Victor CCS-91. $10.95.	Fiedler serves up this piquant confection with the flourish and dispatch that mark his honorable service to the Strauss dynasty. The selected excerpts draw heavily upon the operetta's abundant polka rhythms, plus the briefest of nods toward the waltzes ("Du und Du"), with a rather square-cut effect in consequence. The Boston players perform in their usual fine style and the sound quality, as on the disc (Victor LM-2130), is bright and clean. The disc's overside bonus of "Gypsy Baron" excerpts, played by the same group, is not included on this tape.
Stravinsky: "Petrouchka." (Suite). Rudolf Albert conducting the Cento Soli Orchestra of Paris. Omegatape ST-3014. $14.95.	A capable statement of this music, performed by a virtuoso French orchestra and given a good, straightforward recording. Capitol's tape (ZF-49) has the advantage in respect of brilliance and Stokowskian sonorities, but Albert and his Gallic forces need no apology for their tempered and sensitive performance. Neither does Omegatape for a processing that details the music without over-stressing of stereo "effects."
Tchaikovsky: Symphony No. 4. Heinrich Hollreiser conducting the Bamberg Symphony Orchestra. Phonotapes S-904. $14.95.	Hollreiser's vigorous approach presents this work with considerable brilliance. Well sustained momentum and a sense of form and proportion make for a dramatically taut exposition, enhanced by a clean orchestral texture and delicately modelled solo passages. Musically, the choice is optional between this reading and that of Rodzinski for Westminster (SWB-9001); Rodzinski's London strings are sweeter, but in openness and brilliance of recording the present tape has a marked advantage. —M. N.

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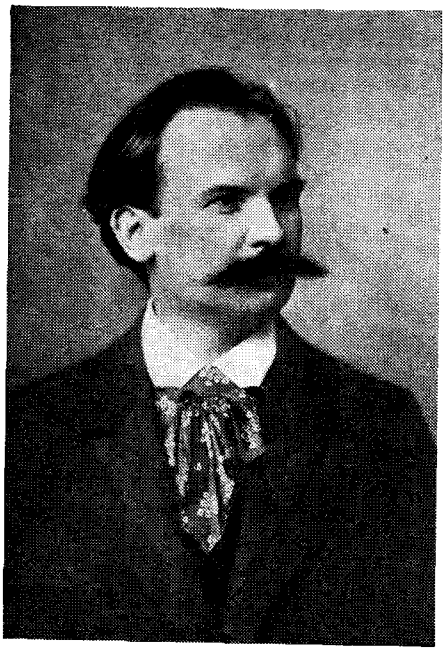
D'ALBERT'S "TIEFLAND"



—*Culver.*
D'Albert—"peculiar and unique."

IN 1896, Angel Guimerà, the Catalan nationalist playwright-poet-orator, wrote a play entitled "Terra Baixa" (Lowland). This raw contrast between the purity of a Pyrenean shepherd and the corrupt life of a valley village became an international success after its translation into Spanish by José Echegaray; it was long a favorite vehicle of the dynamic Bertha Kalich, who played it in the United States as "Marta of the Lowlands." This was the play that the once enormously celebrated half-French, half-German pianist, conductor, and composer Eugène d'Albert used for the most successful of his nearly two dozen operas, "Tiefland," the libretto being extracted from Guimerà's play by Rudolph Lothar. Heard first at the German Theater in Prague on November 15,1903, presented in a revised version at Leipzig on February 17, 1904, "Tiefland" became an established integer of the standard repertoire in German opera-houses. Among the post-Wagnerian operas played in Germany it is said even today to lag behind only "Der Rosenkavalier" in popularity.

"Tiefland" is peculiar and unique. This German opera to a translation of a Catalan text provides a mixture of the Italian veristic manner of Mascagni and Leoncavallo, the French costume-naturalism of "Carmen," and the lightweight musical procedures of the Spanish zarzuela. Only at a few extremely melodramatic junctures did D'Albert clothe the text with music of anything like its dire, sordid, intense inference; mostly he contented himself with fine tunes lushly orchestrated and set into dense chromatic harmonies. The music is attractive —pretty, even—and at the story's violent climaxes it dissolves into quasi-recitative that unfailingly produces the aimed-at theatrical effect.

In these pages five years ago (December 26, 1953) I reviewed the first "complete" (actually somewhat cut) recording of "Tiefland," issued under the SPA label. The libretto, I wrote, "is convincingly conveyed in this performance, but Margarita Kenney's voice is not sufficiently flexible for all the music in the wearing role of Marta. The men are better, and the orchestra [the "Vienna Philharmonia Orchestra" conducted by F. Charles Adler] is expressively managed." Now Epic reissues "Tiefland" (SC 6025, $7.96) in a two-record set as against SPA's three, with the Vienna State Opera Chorus and the Vienna Symphony Orchestra conducted by Richard Strauss's nephew, Rudolf Moralt. The Dutch dramatic soprano Gré Brouwenstijn manages excellently the athletic vocal line of Marta, a role sung in the opera's only four Metropolitan performances (1908-9) by Emmy Destinn; Paul Schöffler builds up the villainous Sebastiano with mature artistry; Hans Hopf projects the innocence and outrage and murderous rage of Pedro with equal ease; the Canadian soprano Dodi Protero sounds childlike in the child role of Nuri; and Waldemar Kmentt repeats from the SPA version his warm delineation of Nando. The accompanying booklet has good notes by Leo Riemens as well as the sung text in German and a readable English translation.

This well-balanced, only slightly cut recording is something more than a rewarding curiosity. The catchy D'Albert tunes, the almost Straussian web of orchestration, and the conviction of the type-character-creation coalesce into two pleasurable hours of listening. Maybe we shall now be afforded the chance to hear D'Albert's other great success, "Die toten Augen" (1916). Certainly we shall be unlikely to hear his last opera (1932): it was "Mr. Wu"! —HERBERT WEINSTOCK.

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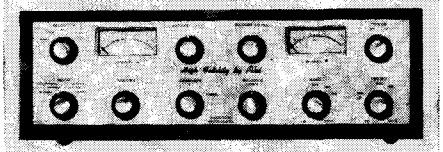

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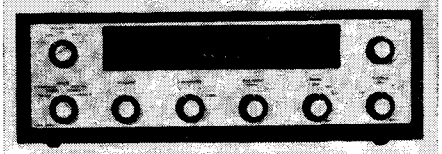

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THE OTHER SIDE

"MY FAIR LADY" AT HOME

LONDON.

AGAINST the background of the first genuine trade recession the record industry has experienced since the war, the past few weeks have been nothing if not crowded with incident. The Oistrakh Trio arrived a few days ago; Eliza Doolittle has returned to her home town and is settling down very nicely at the Theatre Royal, Drury Lane, despite the handicap of having to live up to the most grotesquely exaggerated publicity ballyhoo anyone can recall; at Covent Garden the curtain is about to rise on the eagerly awaited all-star gala production of "Don Carlos" in honor of the theatre's centenary, and the Festival Hall is ready to welcome Eugene Ormandy and the Philadelphia Orchestra, whose concert there on May 12 will inaugurate its five-weeks European tour: twenty-seven concerts covering seventeen cities in thirteen different countries.

One of the principal "gimmicks" concerning "My Fair Lady" has been the fact that, until the show had had its London premiere, not a note of the score could be performed nor any record of it sold—though many copies of the Columbia LP disc had been smuggled into the country during the past two years, frequently changing hands for $30 or more! This "prohibition" did, however, save the 60,000 odd visitors to the Third London Audio Fair from the risk of having to listen to the same tunes at each demonstration, though in the event the universal reliance at stereo sessions on a particular American railroad recording proved still more trying for anyone wishing to evaluate the musical significance of the latest technical developments.

Undoubtedly, stereo was the dominant feature of this exhibition, the more so since the Pye group, in search of pioneering prestige, had announced the imminent release of its first stereo discs, as well as a range of commercial stereo equipment, two days before the opening date of the Fair. As so often on these occasions, the excessively large and overcrowded room made it difficult to assess results, but few of those present can have failed to be impressed by the obvious enthusiasm and sincerity of Sir John Barbirolli, who expounded the musician's view of stereo. Particularly encouraging, too, was the announcement that stereo discs would cost no more than 25 per cent in excess of normal LPs, for it had been anticipated that prices were to be well above this figure—if less extravagant than those hitherto charged for stereo tapes.

Among the equipment shown and demonstrated, there was one small Pye assembly to be marketed at about £60 (rather less than $170), while a slightly more ambitious three-piece Pamphonic outfit was promised for *ca.* £80. Even allowing for the difficult conditions, however, the recordings which were played to us did not sound especially impressive and I suspect that the first Decca release of stereo discs, scheduled for September, will provide far more convincing evidence of the new medium's potentialities.

At the Audio Fair itself, almost every self-respecting exhibitor felt bound to demonstrate stereo in one form or another, from tape or disc, but here again results were at the mercy of divergent conditions and in many cases the lack of experience and musical knowledge on the part of the demonstrators further detracted from the value of such performances. There can be little doubt that of the more discriminating music-lovers a large proportion must have come away from the Waldorf Hotel full of doubts as to the ultimate value of binaural recording save for sound effects, and I certainly feel that the sooner we can forget all about express trains, subways, ferry boats and skittle alleys in order to concentrate on the convincing presentation of music the better it will be for all.

Concerning stereo equipment, there were plenty of twin-channel amplifiers on show though most of these are not yet in production. That in itself is, of course, of no great significance since, among those anxious to become equipped for stereo, a majority already possess one good amplifier and many will be content, in the interests of economy, to duplicate this (or even add a simpler, less costly model to take care of the second channel) rather than make a fresh start. But we must have stereo pick-ups, and the fact is that at this moment you cannot go and buy one in any shop. Several may become available in limited quantities during the summer—Ronette and Acos crystal cartridges, Tannoy and Decca variable reluctance models—but it is difficult to judge their potential per-

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formance until one is able to test production models.

Viewing the Audio Fair as a whole, it is I think fair to say that it failed to reveal any significant new ideas concerning the reproduction of "normal" records or radio transmissions, while still groping rather uncertainly along the stereo path. Could it be, perhaps, that many of our hi-fi specialists—who for years have used measurable frequency response as their main yardstick towards domestic musical bliss—find themselves out of their depth in dealing with the altogether different values underlying stereo? To my mind it is not without significance that Pye's hand-out, distributed at the Press Conference already referred to, should equate the not unfamiliar term "hi-fi" with monaural reproduction in explaining "the difference between 'stereo' and 'hi-fi'." Such juggling with words—what Sir Winston Churchill used to describe as "terminological inexactitude"—could be the result of sheer ignorance among the publicity boys, but I suspect that it is really an indication of their contempt for the intelligence of the record-buying public.

Scarcely less interesting in its way is a letter which has just been circulated to the record trade by EMI: a letter concerned with stereo, whose cautionary manner recalls the astonishingly inept policy statements which emanated from Hayes in the early days of LP. The present letter, after reminding us that we owe the idea of stereo discs to the groundwork which the late A. D. Blumlein carried out in EMI's laboratories more than twenty-five years ago, and that they pioneered stereo tapes in this country almost three years ago, announces that the company will commence issuing stereo discs on a small scale during September, but it accompanies this news with an exhortation to dealers not to look upon normal LP discs as being already outdated. This does suggest quite clearly that record sales have markedly decreased of late—a fact which is no longer denied in the industry as a whole, but which has, in my view, little to do with stereo.

Decca, on the other hand, has maintained a dignified silence all this while but, judging from information I have been able to glean, its entry into the stereo arena—also scheduled for September—will be anything but a small-scale affair. For the present, however, Decca intends to tackle falling sales by a bold frontal attack on record clubs (whose "ranks" are about to be swelled by a new company set up under the auspices of the Rank Organization). Decca's answer to this competition is to take the form of a new label, aptly named "Ace of Clubs," which will operate in the manner of RCA's Camden label by offering low-priced re-prints of deleted or otherwise expendable recordings distributed through normal trade channels. It is to be hoped that RCA will join in this scheme and make Camden discs available here; at present anyone wishing to acquire some of these fine re-issues of performances by artists such as Toscanini, Martinelli, de Luca, and Pinza can only obtain them direct from the USA or by travelling to Dublin, where they can be bought for £1 apiece.

New HMV recordings include a pleasing performance of Brahms's Serenade in D, Op. 11 by the Paris Conservatoire Orchestra under the gifted young Belgian conductor André Vandernoot; a Delius miscellany—"Brigg Fair," "Song Before Sunrise," "Marche-caprice," "On Hearing the First Cuckoo in Spring," "Summer Night on the River," "Sleigh Ride," and the "Fennimore and Gerda" Intermezzo—which I have yet to hear but whose excellence can virtually be taken for granted since it is conducted by Sir Thomas; a wonderful pair of Haydn Quartets—Op. 54, No. 1 and Op. 64, No. 3—splendidly played by the Amadeus Quartet; a Cherkassky recital consisting of Hindemith's 3rd Sonata, the Bach-Busoni Chaconne and Schubert's Impromptu Op. 90, No. 4; and a beautiful collection of tenor arias from Handel Oratorios agreeably sung by Richard Lewis.

Columbia offers a brilliant account of Tchaikovsky's "Little Russian" Symphony by Giulini and the Philharmonia, while Klemperer's Beethoven series continues with the "Pastoral"—an impressive affair but, for me, marred by the excessively slow tempo which he adopts for the Scherzo. Karajan contributes a skilful but rather calculated reading of Schumann's Fourth with the Berlin Philharmonic and can also be heard, with the Philharmonia, in support of Gieseking, whose characteristic performance of Mozart's great C minor Concerto is placed alongside a rather impersonal account of the Chopin Barcarolle. Arrau, with the Philharmonia under Galliera, plays the Schumann and Grieg Concertos, but his performances on this occasion strike me as mannered and, technically, by no means flawless. Under the composer's direction the Philharmonia plays Hindemith's Clarinet Concerto—soloist Louis Cahuzac—and the Suite, "Nobilissima Visione," while, with the Paris Colonne Orchestra, Jose Iturbi assumes the roles of soloist and conductor in a somewhat unconvincing performance of Tchaikovsky's B flat minor Concerto.

—THOMAS HEINITZ.

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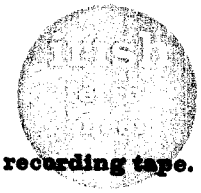

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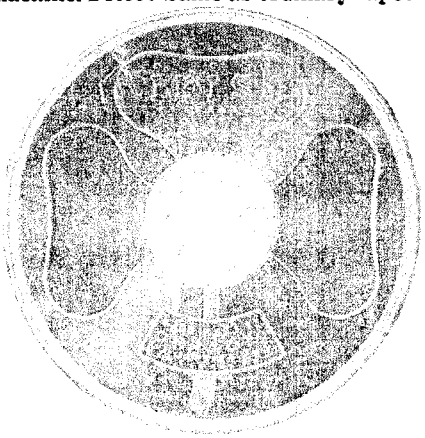

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THE AMEN CORNER

Problems and Pleasures

I WOULD like to suggest some of the difficulties in reviewing modern jazz, even for highly intelligent readers. Jazz experts will understand what I am going to say, but I have the impression that there are many people much interested in this music who would not. I have before me five recent LPs by modern jazz quintets. I think they are all excellent, crowded with values, and would recommend them without further comment to anyone who has had a chance to familiarize himself with my taste. But suppose I wish to say something further?

To begin with, these five LPs contain a total of twenty-seven compositions (with improvisation). They are in many moods. There are numerous composers represented. Then there is the fact, bothersome to the writer (certainly not to the music), that several of the players appear with more than one of the five quintets. This means that the business of calling off individual players' names (of prime importance of course in jazz) will be a cluttered, indeed an exasperating, business. For example, among these five quintets, the saxophonist Cliff Jordan, the saxophonist John Coltrane, the trumpeter Donald Byrd, the pianist Red Garland and the bassist Paul Chambers each appear in two groups. So here is a general salute:

The Paul Chambers's Quintet disc (Blue Note 1564) includes an especially subtle Benny Golson theme "Four Strings," some flourishing Donald Byrd trumpet, and the supersensitive drumming of Elvin Jones.

Art Blakey's Jazz Messengers (Atlantic 1278) have with them this time the pianist Thelonious Monk, and they play no less than five of his dissonantal, witty and sometimes brooding compositions.

The Miles Davis Quintet (Prestige 7129) exhibits the superb trumpeter and his masterly rhythm section in a warm program including "If I Were a Bell" and "I Could Write a Book."

The Red Garland Quintet (Prestige 7130) continues the elevation of standard tunes with the best jazz rendition I can remember of "They Can't Take That Away from Me."

The Horace Silver Quintet (Blue Note 1589) presents five more of the pianist Silver's tart and exploratory compositions.

IN OTHER jazz areas this month I have been struck by a general finess leading to some lovely lyrical material. There are two fragrant choruses of "When Your Lover Has Gone" and a haunting "Blue Greens" by the chamber combination of Teddy Charles, vibraharp; Hall Overton, piano; Charlie Mingus, bass; and Ed

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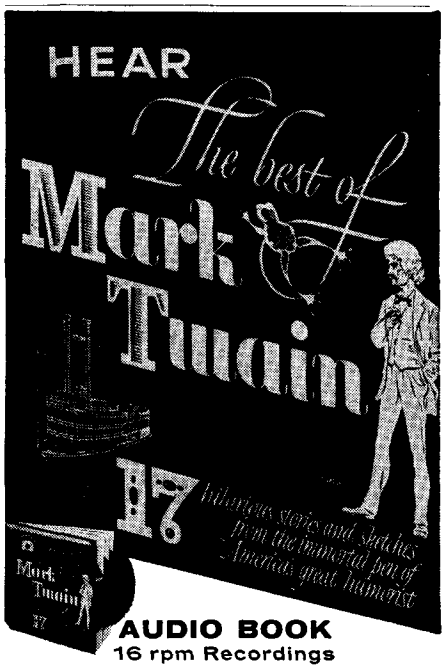

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Shaughnessy, drums. This is irresistible modern blues playing. The songful compositions of Benny Golson are featured by his own sextet (Riverside RLP 12-256) and there is a great deal of tender but propulsive tenor saxophone improvising by the leader; he even manages to be outstanding in the company of Kenny Dorham, trumpet, and J. J. Johnson, trombone. The two guitars of Kenny Burrell and Jimmy Raney are in silver sympathy with each other and with a fine jazz band including Donald Byrd, trumpet, and Jackie McLean, alto sax (Prestige 7119).

Amid the jaunty syncopation of a number of Swedish stars under the leadership of an American bassist, in an LP gloriously entitled "Tommy Potter's Hard Funk," I was particularly impressed by the trombonist Ake Persson (East-West 4001). If I may invade the province of jazz semantics for a moment, this record does not seem to me either so hard (muscular) or funky (feelingful) as it does light and lustrous. And that is tangential to my notion that Mr. Persson has just about solved the problem of how to achieve swift modern trombone execution without sacrificing the traditional slippery virtues of the horn. He has been compared to America's J. J. Johnson and in this record seems to me, if possible, even more flexible than recent Johnson performances.

WATCHERS of the trumpet skies will not want to miss the brilliant debut of Louis Smith (Blue Note 1584), a young man from Memphis who is superlative in rapid tempi, quietly inventive in "Stardust," and who is paired with a powerhouse alto saxophone player who, for reasons I suppose I should respect, prefers to be known on the label as "Buckshot La Funke." A good part of the disc is an incredible fast workout in the musical gymnasium; there may well be a champion in the making.

I come now to another question of nomenclature. The new Jimmy Giuffre 3 consists of the leader on clarinet and saxophones; Bob Brookmeyer, valve trombone; and Jim Hall, guitar. This little group makes a good deal of serene, pastoral music—deep Southern in suggestion—largely on the basis of Giuffre's delicate linear writing (Atlantic 1282). In this mood, theirs is a charming and nostalgic art. I merely raise the question as to whether it is not often too evanescent to be called jazz. During much of the trio's work I do not hear the rhythmic urgency (it does not need to be assertive—it can be richly insinuated) which I have always regarded as jazz's very foundation.

—WILDER HOBSON.

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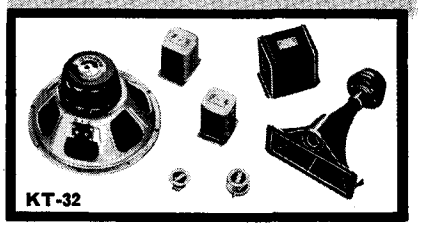

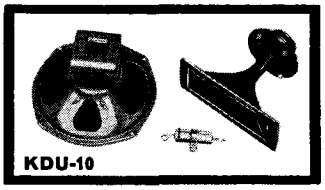

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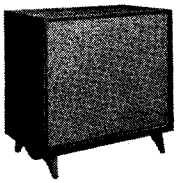

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Music Tents

Continued from page 38

nee they can do all these things, and still go to the theatre. And the heat begins to wear off at twilight."

While musical comedy singers and dancers do not awake and face Lambertville in mute prayer, they are exceptionally happy about the tent musicals. Singers, dancers and actors find summertime a lean and slack season, for there is very little doing on Broadway or TV during the warm months. So the music tents are an unexpected bonanza, with twelve-seventeen weeks solid work in good shows.

In its brief but potent puberty, the canvas topped musicals can look back with pride at some of the talent it has produced. In some cases, while it hasn't "created" personalities, it has broadened their horizons, given them shape, luster, and invaluable experience. Here's just a handful who have appeared in theatre under canvas: Jo Sullivan, Elaine Stritch, Elaine Malbin, Art Lund, Jerome Thor, Barbara Cook, Jacquelyn McKeever (of "Oh Captain"), the late Judy Tyler, Billie Worth, Wyn Miller, highly praised replacement as "Daisy Mae" in "Lil' Abner"; Brenda Lewis, Shirley MacLaine, Terry Saunders, Susan Johnson, David Burns, Audrey Meadows, and Laurel Hurley of the Metropolitan Opera.

Many Broadway musicals and TV variety shows are staffed in middle and lower echelons with graduates of the big tent musicals. To these youngsters, the canvas tops, deep in the hinterland or on the edge of suburbia have been their own special finishing school.

The music circuses are not against "stars," they just don't want to spend the money. They contend that since they charge half of Broadway's prices, they cannot afford super expensive talent. Very few tents pay more than $400-$500 a week for featured players. "Besides, there are really few musical comedy stars around. Mary Martin, Ethel Merman? We can't afford them," says Roy Somlyo, general manager of the Rye Musical Theatre, Rye, N.Y. "We sell 'name shows' not 'name actors'."

In contrast to the stone pallor of Broadway, the music tents feature grass as well as grease paint. Many patrons are delighted with the unusually lovely scenic locations. Terrell's at Lambertville, New Jersey, sits majestically atop Mt. Airy, overlooking the historic Delaware River. From the site you can see Bowman's Landing near where Washington hid his boats from the British. For atmosphere there's the lovely garden feeling attached to the North Shore Music Circus (Beverly, Mass.). The Finger Lakes Lyric Circus is on a hilltop and many couples come there before the evening's performance to watch the sunset glow behind the horizon. And the Sacramento Music Circus is right across from the Governor's official residence.

Tent style appeal can be summed up in three words: ingenuity, imagination, and intimacy. Since the tents cannot use costly big scenery, small suggestive props are used, which aren't too high to obscure the performers. A few palm trees become the tropics of "South Pacific." The Runyon-land of "Guys and Dolls" is suggested by signs hung on a valence above center stage saying: "Mindy's," "Cheese-cake."

Many, of course, trace the success of the music tents to its intimacy. One tent executive puts it this way: "When you have two thousand people just a few yards away from the stage, you indeed have a force to be reckoned with, granting the basic ingredients of a good cast, a good show and comfortable seats."

Beyond all these reasons, there's one other overriding factor: the availability of the great musicals of the golden age of modern American musical theatre. Rodgers and Hammerstein, Cole Porter, Frank Loesser, Irving Berlin have created some of their most lasting and beloved works in the past fifteen years. And the benefits are mutual, for these creators have been amazed at the worth of the "secondary rights" of their musical plays. In 1957, for example, "Pajama Game" played over seventy weeks during the summer—the equivalent of a year and a half Broadway run.

Box office prospects for 1958 are bright, as musicals under the big top enter their tenth anniversary. Barring a depression, and too much rain, they are expected to break box office records. Some say the tents will gross $6,000,000 this season.

People love tent musicals and their affection sometimes takes a touching form. Two years ago, for example, a flash flood accompanied by thunder and lightning hit Cape Cod. It made the roads muddy and impassible. Arnold Goodman, general manager of the Cape Cod Melody Tent in Hyannis, wondered if he should cancel the night's "Brigadoon." As he contemplated the unhappy prospect of rain storm and refunds, a call came in from Provincetown—about sixty miles from Hyannis—at 6:30 p.m.

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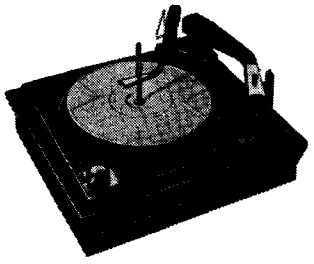

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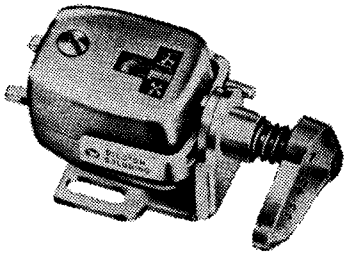

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LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR

HAIL THE SOVIETANS

How would a Scotsman react if his Highland dances were called "English" just because Scotland is part of Britain? Similarly inaccurate and unfair was I. K.'s statement about the Moiseyev dances (*SR* Apr. 20). He described them as "the folk dance of the many Russian nationalities." "Russia" was used as the inclusive term for the Russian Empire of the Tsars. But today Russia is just one Republic of one ethnic group, and the inclusive designation is "Soviet Union" or "USSR." Therefore, "Russian" need never be used as a synonym for "Soviet." The English language does lack a word for "peoples of the Soviet Union." To avoid giving the Russians credit for everything in the USSR it is high time a term like "Sovietans" were coined.

Vera N. Circa.

New York, N. Y.

Editor's Note: Or *"Ussronians."*

HIGH-TYPE MAG

Having just received my second subscription copy of *SR*, I am pleased to note the "Jazz Section." I am a great admirer of *good* jazz, and also a great admirer of classical *great* music. I believe a high-type magazine, such as *SR*, will be able to give definitive judgments on jazz.

R. C. Hall, Jr.

Baltimore, Md.

ACCEPTED LOW STANDARDS

There can't be much going on literarily if that advertising stunt in San Francisco, not unwillingly subscribed to by the local bartenders, can be described as a "Renaissance" and referred to more than once, and that once only as a measure of what low standards are being accepted as a norm in the world today. I know, too, that degeneration is not better than nothing.

Wendell Metzger.

Portland, Ore.

CRITICS AND LINERS

I have just run across Charles Weissenberger's fine article on the jazz critic as ad man (*SR* Apr. 12). It's about time *somebody* said something about the practice of jazz critics writing liner notes, and what this implies. I only wish Mr. Weissenberger had been more specific on the one hand, and on the other that he had taken the trouble to exclude Folkways' notes, far removed from considerations of the marketplace.

F. D. Henry.

Auburndale, Mass.

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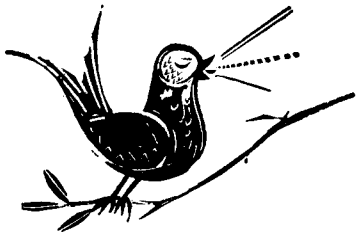

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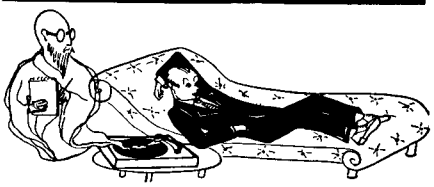

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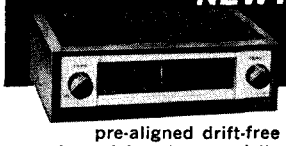

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article (*SR* Apr. 12) as "Having gone the way of all opera" is more than I can comprehend. It hasn't "gone the way of". . . . . It was at this destination at the time of its conception.

BARBARA COMFORT.

West Los Angeles, Calif.

A VOTE FOR LONNIE

ONE MORE LEGEND won't hurt jazz any, and I wish Herb Shultz luck with Eddie Lang (*SR* Apr. 12). Still, I think Mr. Shultz goes too far when he claims that Eddie Lang "was the man who invented the art of playing hot guitar." If there was any one man in whose "hands it was transformed from a simple four-beat rhythm instrument into a pulsing jazz voice" it was Lonnie Johnson, not Eddie Lang. Johnson's name pops up in a few places in Mr. Shultz's article, mostly to plug Lang; what Mr. Shultz fails to mention is that Lang copied Lonnie Johnson's style—or, at least, as the jazz euphemism has it, was strongly influenced by Johnson's playing.

That the two sounded alike is plain enough: we have only to remember that Eddie Lang's accompaniments for Bessie Smith were for many years thought to be by Lonnie Johnson. The question of who came first is a stickier one, and I have no space to discuss it here. As far as I'm concerned, it is enough to note that Johnson was born ten years before Lang, and that he was exposed to jazz before 1922.

J. S. SHIPMAN.

Auburndale, Mass.

ENCORE, ENCORE

IT IS TOO bad that someone who has to "catch a train" (LETTERS TO THE RECORDINGS EDITOR, *SR* Apr. 26) cannot be satisfied with the musical performance for which he has paid, but must be critical of an artist like Mr. Menuhin who is good enough to show his appreciation—as he has done each time I have seen him—by giving encores. Anyone who would stay for "miserable encores" would not mind, it would seem, missing them altogether.

ERIC C. FEDDERSEN.

March AFB, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *In a recital of his own, Menuhin's encores are his own affair. The original discussion related to the intrusion of encores into a symphony concert at which he was a guest artist.*

WHOSE GERSHWIN?

MUCH AS I respect I.K.'s opinions I must take strong issue with his review "Gershwin of Sorts" (*SR* Apr. 26). I will admit that at first the discs seem slow and are less jazzy than we have become accustomed to, but Abravanel has tried to point out that Gershwin respected and was also indebted to Chopin and Debussy. In doing so, he has brought out the "classical" Gershwin rather than the jazzy one we have come to know. If this is a crime, then my sense of values must be strange indeed.

HENRY GOLDWASSER.

New York, N. Y.

IRATE BLAST

I.K.'s BLAST has blown into a teapot tempest. Perhaps some vested individuals have passed along an irate word to you. Be assured that there are many less vociferous who soberly subscribe to his opinions in part or in whole.

R. N.

Salt Lake City, Utah.

COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

IN Thomas Heinitz's THE OTHER SIDE (*SR* Feb. 22), there is reference to the 1958 HMV deletion list. Could you let me know where I might be able to get a copy of this 1958 list? I have a very large collection of "collector's" items, and would be interested in seeing this latest list.

IRVING MATTICK.

St. Louis, Mo.

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1262

Reg. U.S. Patent Office

By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. To block out, without revision or polishing.	20 30 2 87 93 183 118 167 172
B. Liberality.	65 124 16 128 46 98
C. Popular vegetable in the state specially useful for purifying frying fat (2 wds.).	146 178 4 83 171 43 141 3 19
D. Being sworn (2 wds.).	102 54 156 15 79 184
E. Unavailing; discalced.	1 145 49 99 91 149 175 180
F. Blanching from lack of light.	28 105 135 86 34 41 108 203 100 162
G. Turning on an axis.	151 169 138 90 192 39 76 95
H. Fierce; bloodthirsty; like a certain powerful, carnivorous, wild cat.	31 88 70 10 50 62 204 173
I. Catching (fish) in a large net.	25 176 127 7 66 110 52
J. Where "brave Horatius" stood alone (4 wds.).	182 137 22 148 94 67 168 61 153 11 158
	200 84 40 174
K. What surf riders watch for; title of a recent best-selling novel about corruption in politics (2 wds.).	131 120 38 60 195 157 116 9 143
L. Dancing.	130 81 72 47 194 125 199 21 142 165

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
M. First violin part in orchestral music, occasionally used as a score by the conductor.	45 82 64 117 160 133 12 147 198
N. Efficient fighting plane of the R.A.F.; Florence Dombey's nurse.	202 187 164 17 56 109 115 185
O. Name of a book when placed at head of first page of text (2 wds.).	18 121 85 152 166 51 29 68 8
P. Quaver (2 wds.).	106 53 37 13 126 5 78 75 163 48
Q. A bottled water of France.	161 132 71 104 63
R. Hospital for treating all kinds of diseases.	197 44 101 179 89 140 23 134 36 111
S. An aspirate	57 150 114 103 80
T. Certain chain of beads, jewels, precious metal, as worn.	42 201 159 187 74 32 129 6
U. The tip of the middle finger.	177 122 186 92 59 154 107 69 191
V. King Arthur's beautiful but dire fairy sister (3 wds.).	123 190 27 170 73 58 33 112 144 77 196
W. Pertaining to feasting.	24 139 188 155 26 97 35
X. Specifying things farther away instead of those close at hand (2 wds.).	113 55 96 181 193 136 119 14

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line . . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

				1 E	2 A	3 C		4 C	5 P	6 T	7 I	8 O	9 K	10 H	11 J		12 M
13 P	14 X		15 D	16 B	17 N	18 O	19 C	20 A	21 L	22 J	23 R	24 W	25 I		26 W	27 V	28 F
	29 O	30 A	31 H	32 T	33 V	34 F	35 W		36 R	37 P	38 K	39 G	40 J	41 F	42 T	43 C	
44 R	45 M		46 B	47 L	48 P		49 E	50 H	51 O	52 I	53 P	54 D		55 X	56 N		57 S
58 V	59 U	60 K	61 J	62 H	63 Q	64 M		65 B	66 I	67 J	68 O	69 U	70 H	71 Q	72 L	73 V	74 T
	75 P	76 G		77 V	78 P	79 D	80 S	81 L	82 M	83 C	84 J	85 O	86 F	87 A	88 H	89 R	90 G
91 E		92 U	93 A	94 J	95 G		96 - X	97 W	98 B		99 E	100 F		101 R	102 D	103 S	104 Q
105 F	106 P		107 U	108 F		109 N	110 I		111 R	112 V	113 X	114 S	115 N	116 K	117 M		118 A
119 X	120 K	121 O		122 U		123 V	124 B	125 L	126 P		127 I	128 B	129 T	130 L	131 K	132 Q	133 M
134 R	135 F	136 X	137 J	138 G		139 W	140 R	141 C	142 L	143 K		144 V	145 E	146 C		147 M	148 J
149 E	150 S	151 G		152 O	153 J	154 U	155 W	156 D	157 K		158 J	159 T	160 M	161 Q	162 F	163 P	164 N
165 L	166 O	167 A		168 J	169 G		170 V	171 C		172 A	173 H	174 J	175 E	176 I		177 U	178 C
179 R	180 E		181 X	182 J		183 A	184 D	185 N	186 U	187 T		188 W	189 N		190 V	191 U	
192 G	193 X	194 L		195 K	196 V	197 R	198 M	199 L	200 J	201 T	202 N	203 F	204 H				

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 33 of this issue.

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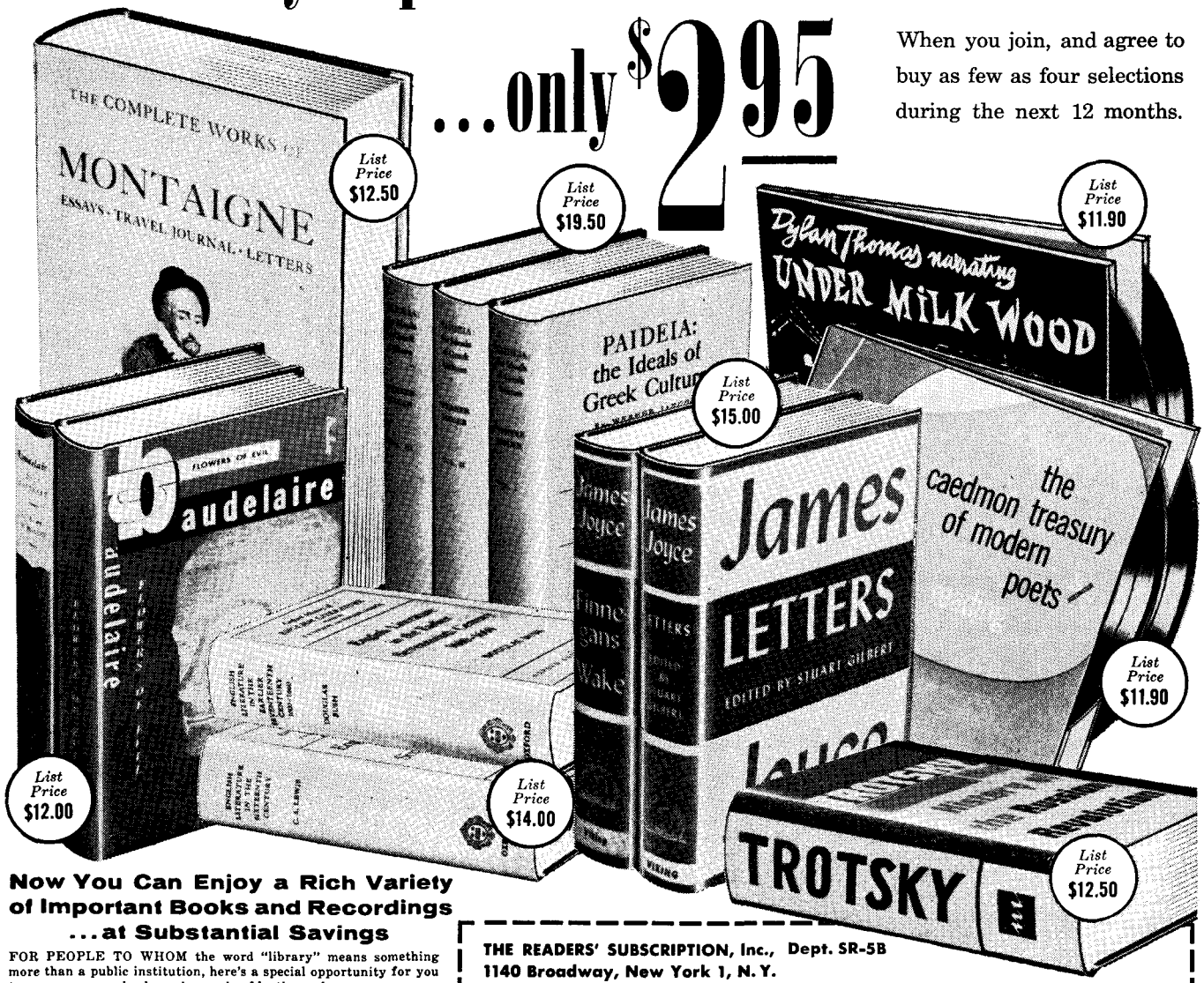

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